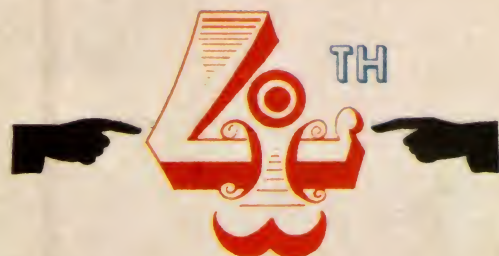


THE  MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO PLEASURE

THE **DUDE**

~~~~~  
COME ONE COME ALL

—❖— **BIG** —❖—



CELEBRATION

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

PICNIC ON THE GROUNDS  
ENTERTAINMENT

—❧—  
**Jean-Paul Sartre**

**LEONARD BISHOP**

**B. L. MENDICK**

**JIM DOWNS**

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

K  
JULY, 1957



Fifty Cents



*"Tut, tut, child," said the Duchess. "Everything's got a moral if only you can find it."*

**LEWIS CARROLL, ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND**





# THE DUDE



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## *the Magazine Devoted to Pleasure*

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PHOTOGRAPHY / MIKE TABB

Part of the education  
of a Paris student  
is loving  
a woman  
like Lola

## A QUESTION OF CHARACTER

fiction . . . JEAN-PAUL SARTRE

"But you do care a little about me, don't you?"

"Yes, I care about you."

Lola looked unhappy, and Boris turned his head away. Anyhow, he didn't much like looking at Lola when she put on that expression. She was upset; he thought it silly of her, but he couldn't do anything about it. He did everything expected of him. He was faithful to Lola, he telephoned to her often, he went to call for her three times a week when she came out of the Sumatra, and on those evenings he slept in her flat. For the rest, it was a question of character, probably. A question of age, too—older people grow embittered and behave as though their lives were at stake. Once, when Boris was a little boy, he had dropped his spoon; on being told to pick it up, he had refused and flown into a passion. Then his father had said, in an unforgettably majestic tone: "Very well, then, I will pick it up." Boris had seen a tall body stiffly bending down, and a bald cranium, he heard sundry creaking sounds—the whole thing was an intolerable sacrilege, and he burst out sobbing. Since then Boris had regarded grown-ups as bulky and impotent divinities. If they bent down, they looked as though they were going to break; if they slipped and fell, the effect they produced in the onlooker was a desire to laugh and a sense of awe-stricken abhorrence. And if the tears came into their eyes, as into Lola's at that moment, one was simply at a loss. Grown-up people's tears were a mystical catastrophe, the sort of tears God sheds over the wickedness of mankind. From another point of view, of course, he respected Lola for being so passionate. Mathieu had explained to him that a human being ought to have passions, and Descartes had said so too.

"Delarue has his passions," he said, pursuing his reflections aloud, "but that doesn't prevent his caring for nothing. He is free."

"By that token I'm free too, I care for nothing but you."

Boris did not answer.

"Am I not free?" asked Lola.

"That's not the same thing."

Too difficult to explain. Lola was a victim, she had no luck, and she appealed too much to his emotions. Which was not in her favor. Besides, she took heroin. That wasn't a bad thing, in one sense; indeed, it was quite a good thing, in principle; Boris had talked to Ivich about it, and they had both agreed that it was a good thing. But there were ways of doing it; if one took it to destroy oneself, either in despair or by way of emphasizing one's freedom, that was entirely commendable. But Lola took it with greedy abandonment, it was her form of relaxation. It didn't even intoxicate her.

"You make me laugh," said Lola in a dry voice. "It's a habit of yours to put Delarue above everybody else as a matter of principle. Because you know, between ourselves, which is the freer, he or I: he has a home of his own, a fixed salary, and a definite pension; he lives like a petty official. And then, into the bargain, there's that affair of his you told me about, that female who never goes out—what more does he want? No one could be freer than that. As for me, I've just a few old frocks, I'm alone, I live in a hotel, and I don't even know whether I shall have a job for the summer."

(turn over)



"That's different," repeated Boris.

He was annoyed. Lola didn't bother about freedom. She was getting excited about it that evening because she wanted to defeat Mathieu on his own ground.

"I could skin you, you little beast, when you're like that. What's different, eh?"

"Well, you're free without wanting to be," he explained, "it just happens so, that's all. But Mathieu's freedom is based on reason."

"I still don't understand," said Lola, shaking her head.

"Well, he doesn't care a damn about his apartment; he lives there just as he would live anywhere else, and I've got the feeling that he doesn't care much about his girl. He stays with her because he must sleep with someone. His freedom isn't visible, it's inside him."

Lola had an absent air, he felt he must hurt her a bit to jostle her around, and he went on:

"Look here, you're too fond of me; he would never let himself get caught like that."

"Oho!" cried Lola indignantly. "I'm too fond of you, am I?—you little toad. And don't you think he's a bit too fond of your sister, eh? You'd only got to watch him the other night at the Sumatra."

"Of Ivich? You make me sick."

Lola flung him a sneering grin, and the smoke suddenly went to Boris's head. A moment passed, and then the band happened to launch into the *St. James Infirmary*, and Boris wanted to dance.

"Shall we dance this?"

They danced. Lola had closed her eyes, and he could hear her quick breathing. The little pansy had got up and went across to ask the dancer from the Java for a dance. Boris reflected that he would soon see him from near by and was pleased. Lola was heavy in his arms; she danced well, and she smelt nice, but she was too heavy. Boris thought that he would sooner dance with Ivich. Ivich danced magnificently; he told himself that Ivich ought to learn the castanets. Then Lola's scent and smell banished all further thought. He pressed her to him and breathed hard. She opened her eyes and looked at him intently.

"Do you love me?"

"Yes," said Boris, making a face.

"Why do you make a face like that?"

"Because—oh, you annoy me."

"Why? It isn't true that you love me?"

"Yes it is."

"Why don't you ever tell me so yourself? I always have to ask you."

"Because I don't feel like it. It's all rot; it's the sort of thing that people don't say."

"Does it annoy you when I say I love you?"

"No, you can say it if you like, but you oughtn't to ask me if I love you."

"It's very seldom I ask you anything, darling. It's usually enough for me to look at you and feel I love you. But there are moments when I wish I could get at your own real feelings."

"I understand," said Boris seriously, "but you ought to wait till I feel like it. If it doesn't come naturally, there's no sense in it."

"But, you little fool, you yourself say you never do feel that way unless somebody asks you."

Boris began to laugh.

"It's true," he said, "you put me off. But one can feel affection for somebody and not want to say so."

Lola did not answer. They stopped, applauded, and the band began again. Boris was glad to observe that the pansy lad was dancing towards them; but when he eyed them from near by, he got a nasty shock: the creature was quite forty years old. His face retained the sheen of youth, but underneath it he had aged. He had large doll-like blue eyes and a boyish mouth, but there were pouches under his porcelain eyes, and wrinkles around his mouth, his nostrils were pinched like those of a dying man, and his hair, which looked from a distance like a golden haze, scarcely covered his cranium. Boris looked with horror at this elderly, shaven child. "He was once young," thought he. There were fellows who seemed created to be thirty-five—Mathieu, for instance—because they had never known youth. But when a chap had really been young, he bore the marks of it for the rest of his life. It might last till twenty-five. After that—it was horrible. He set himself to look at Lola and said "Lola, look at me. I love you."

Lola's eyes grew pink, and she stepped on Boris's foot. She merely said:

"Darling!"

He felt like exclaiming: "Clasp me tighter, make me feel I love you." But Lola said nothing, she in her turn was alone, the moment had indeed come. There was a vague smile on her face, her eyelids were drooping, her face had again shut down upon her happiness. It was a calm, forlorn face. Boris felt desolate, and the thought, the grinding thought, suddenly came upon him: "I won't. I won't grow old." Last year he had been quite unperturbed, he had never thought about that sort of thing; and now—it was rather ominous that he should so constantly feel that his youth was slipping between his fingers. Until twenty-five. "I've got five years yet," thought Boris, "and after that I'll blow my brains out." He could no longer endure the noise of the band and the sense of all these people around him.

"Shall we go?" said he.

"At once, my lovely!"

They returned to their table. Lola called the waiter, paid the bill, and flung her velvet cloak over her shoulders.

"Come along," she said.

They went out. Boris was no longer thinking of anything very definite, but there was a sense of something fateful in his mind. The rue Blanche was crowded with random people, all looking harsh and old. They met the Maestro Piranese from the Puss in Boots, and greeted him; his little legs pattered along beneath his enormous belly. "Perhaps," thought Boris, "I too shall grow a paunch." What would it be like never to be able to look at oneself in a glass, nor to feel the crisp, wooden snap of one's joints. . . . And every instant that passed, every instant, consumed a little more of his youth. "If only I could save myself up, live very quietly, at a slower pace. I should perhaps gain a few years. But to do that, I oughtn't to make a habit of going to bed at two a.m." He eyed Lola with detestation. "She's killing me."

"What's the matter?" asked Lola.

"Nothing."

(turn to page 14)





queen's  
corner



#### imported dart board set

From England comes this fascinating dart board game with a wound paper, heavy-weighted board. It's an inch thick and is two-sided, with wire dividers. Individually packed are 6 metal darts and book of rules. This is to the English pub and game-room what teevee is to this country. Now, gentlemen, stand back and let fly. \$6.95



#### imported all purpose tool

The handiest tool you'll ever own. Combines pliers, knife, wire cutter, Phillips Screw Driver, regular screwdriver, tool file, bottle opener and wire scraper. Of finest German Solingen tool steel, it is forged, hardened, tempered, heavily nickelplated. Comes complete in a luxurious cowhide leather case. \$10.95



#### on the lighter side

What to give that lovely lady—the Ronson Capri. A most beautiful, distinctively-fashioned pocket and purse lighter. Trim and slim . . . a superb gift. Enamel as blue as those ripples in the bay of Naples. Cherub motif on it will spring a wistful smile to her lips. Just a flick for a sunny flame and yours for only \$10.50.



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The ultimate in fine Italian coffee-making machines. Four-cup coffee-maker pictured here a beautifully designed brass and chrome display piece. Designed, created in Ferrara. Perfect during and after any meal. Take it apart, put it together again in seconds.

four cup—\$19.95  
two cup—\$13.95



#### 19th hole practice putter

Here's a perfect way to improve your putting, lower your scores and have a world of fun to boot. Just plug it in and putt a golf ball toward the 19th hole practice putter. Then take a sip of your drink—the ball is automatically returned to you. The second greatest indoor game ever thought up. \$10.00



#### golf oasis beverage caddy

New for golfers is this light-weight, rugged beverage container, fitted with deluxe pint vacuum bottle. Clips to the side of your golf bag and totes favorite hot or cold drinks everywhere on the course. Made of top-grain cowhide leather, with brass catch. Means you don't have to wait for the 19th hole to wet your tonsils. \$10.95

The Dude Magazine, 48 West 48th Street, New York 36, New York

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by Sam Goody

*How "Hi" Can You Get?* The sky's the limit—according to your taste and bankroll. This month, two top Hi-Fi's spin from barrel organs to memories. "*Barrel Organ in Hi-Fi*" (Epic) brings out "The Arab"—the greatest of them all and a special feature of the picturesque city of Amsterdam. Sundays and holidays, the great barrel organs are wheeled into position on street corners all through the town and day and night, their pipes, bells, drums, cymbals (the stuff is the rowdiest) pump continental favorites, current and past. Classical and semi-classical. Must buy. In super Hi-Fi. Tremendous sound . . . "*Tribute to Dorsey*" (two volumes—RCA Victor). Dorsey classics not previously on lp's and 32 TD numbers spanning his 1936 to 1946 recording history. His famous Clambake Seven jazz group does four numbers in the first volume. The second has Sinatra on five numbers, Jo Stafford for a couple. And others. Collector's Note: "March of the Toys" and "Chloe" are some of the items in it, too. *Good For The Guys Who Get Around*: "*Manhattan Bandstand*" album features Dick Maltby, conducting, arranging, and doing several originals in a bid for more applause ("Forlorn Horn Blues," "Long Island Fling," and the title song). VIK, a subsidiary of RCA-Victor . . . Vivian Blaine torches up some old Ziegfeld Songs. She's got it. "Mandy" is one. "Shaking the Blues Away" is another. Album is titled "*Songs from the Ziegfeld Follies*." Mercury. Wing down and get it . . . In Rome they girl-watch. No time for baseball? Heady, romantic, just the thing for the chick, is Capitol's "*Honeymoon in Rome*." Renato Carasone conducts. The most popular orchestra leader in Roman clubs and on Italian records, this is Carasone's first release here . . . And for that anyone, anytime—*Belafonte*, of course, Calypsoing on RCA-Victor.

*Want a weirdie?* You are there in sport cars and at stock car races with Folkways' "*Sounds of the Annual International Sports Car Grand Prix of Watkins Glen, NY*." Interviews and highlights. Noisy. Mad. Seneca-Carrera, Glen Trophy Race and Grand Prix Race.

*45 hot-shots*: Light carrying for beach parties if you don't want to pot-luck it with radio. Light on your roll, too. Whole bunch practically feather-heavy. Dot: "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" (Tab Hunter), "I'm Waiting Just For You" (Pat Boone), and "How Can I Find True Love?" (Dell-Vikings, a song group really coming up), Decca's "Bahama Mama" (Four Aces) and Mercury's "Faithful and True" (The Diamonds).

*Sam's star selection*: Each month I'll pick a dark horse—

something unexpected—something you might not notice on the shelf. This first time it's Foremost's "*My Square Laddie*" featuring comedienne Nancy Walker. Everyone will go for it. It takes off from "My Fair Lady" of course, and concerns a proper-talking Englishman who learns how to behave and talk Brooklyn. Songs are flippy. A howl. You'll like!

Note: If you want more scoop about these or any other records, write to Sam Goody at this magazine or his pad-quarters: 235 West 49th Street, NY, NY.



## ON THE HOUSE

by Matty Simmons

Film producer Harry Warner once called Max Asnas, the philosophizing host at New York City's Stage Delicatessen, over to his table and told him, "This is the best chopped liver in the country, bar none, but how can a man enjoy eating with all the noise that goes on around here?" "Mr. Warner," the corned beef Confucius came back with, "show me a place with good chopped liver and without noise and I'll go there with you." This, in a way, will serve to introduce the New Yorkiest restaurant in the "Big Town." The food is native only to the five boroughs. It has antecedents only slightly in Russia and Germany. Basically, it is American by way of Delancey Street. Max Asnas and his help have the same background. The customers are basically show folk. They're gabby but fussy. They like their stuffed derma, their chopped herring, their kingsize hot dogs just SO. They are never disappointed at Max's. Some call the Stage, "the poor man's Lindy's." Actually, the Jewish-type food is better than at Lindy's and with Max's offbeat philosophizing spicing each dish—there's just no comparison. "Max," Harry Hershfield told him one night, "You're the best liked man on Broadway. I was just over at Lindy's and everybody there is sitting and talking about what a wonderful guy you are." "Better," Max groaned, "they should sit around here and talk about what a wonderful guy Lindy is."

Switching from the Stage Delicatessen to the Chambord in the same city is like tossing a mink coat over an old pair of dungarees. They are just two different worlds. Where the Stage is noisy and bustling—the Chambord is quiet in the dignity of traditional French cooking. Where you can grab a salami sandwich at The Stage for half-a-buck, you can spend two or three hours at the Chambord and run up, if you have a leaning for wines and such, a neat fifty-dollar tab for two.

Chambord has often been called "the world's greatest restaurant." We are among those who echo this description. For absolute elegance in service, for food and sauces that have an incomparable savor and taste,



there is no match to this Third Avenue gourmet haven that considers itself modern man's self-appointed throw-back to the centuries when good food rated only slightly behind good sex, and well ahead of such entertainments as theatre, sports and card-playing.

At Chambord, much of your food will be prepared on a cart in front of your table. Flames will lick the grand marnier off a duck à l'orange or toast to a delightful well-doneness the lightest crepes suzettes you will ever eat. Escargots taste like tiny pots of pepper and garlic and leave your tongue with a delightfully biting memory. The wines are only the finest and there are whiskies and brandies that go back to another era. There is no question that Chambord is very expensive. Anything THAT good would have to be.

Lookwise, there are a great number of restaurants around this country that will fascinate the first-time viewer. In Los Angeles, there is, of course, the original Brown Derby which is shaped like that which it is named for. In Phoenix, there's a restaurant called the Flame which has its own artificial waterfall behind the bar and a miniature forest with caged wildcats and all. In St. Louis, the Bevo Mill is built like a windmill, and in Chicago, the Ivanhoe is built like something right out of Sir Walter Scott.

Also in Chicago is the intriguing Shangri-la where tables seem to jut from the walls and one spends his dining time trying to figure out which is more interesting, the surroundings or the food and drinks. Here, the waiters are decked out in colorful Hawaiian shirts and the lighting is subdued and easy on the eyes. In the fine food department there is mandarin duck, and, if you're in a seafood frame of mind, you'll want to try lobster amandine.

This exciting restaurant makes a specialty, too, of its various tropical drinks. Like Don the Beachcomber's in Chicago, Los Angeles, Honolulu and Palm Springs, and Trader Vic's and Skipper Kent's in San Francisco, they have given them colorful touches and such names as the War Chant, the Iceberg, Half Caste Kate and Waikiki Wench. Which means little when said but are refreshing drinks with the kick of a large truck when sipped.

The main room is sunken, with soft rugs and tables placed about without being on top of each other. A slowly-inclined staircase curls around the side of the room and on these are the tables which appear to be suspended in mid-air.

Darn clever—these Chinese!

#### TROPICAL DRINKS

With Summer about us and some paragraphs about Oriental dining and drinking just above us, we thought it particularly fitting to include here, some of the fancy drinks served at places like Shangri-la and Don the Beachcomber's. One word of caution before you start pouring:

Gin is like a woman with marriage in her eye—both sneak up without warning, neither give the victim any quarter.

#### ROYAL RICKEY

|           |                        |
|-----------|------------------------|
| 2 oz. gin | 1 oz. Italian vermouth |
| ½ lime    | ½ tsp. raspberry syrup |

Crush lime in Rickey glass with raspberry syrup. Shake gin and vermouth with cracked ice and strain into Rickey glass; add lump of ice and fill with ginger ale.

#### SINGAPORE SLING

|                    |                     |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| Juice ½ lemon      | ¾ oz. cherry brandy |
| 1 dash benedictine | 2 oz. dry gin       |

Stir in 12-oz. glass with cracked ice; decorate with slice of orange and sprig of mint; fill with seltzer and serve with straws.

#### FOG CUTTER

|                        |                    |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| 2 oz. Puerto Rican rum | 1 oz. orange juice |
| 1 oz. brandy           | 2 oz. lemon juice  |
| ½ oz. gin              | ½ oz. orgeat syrup |

Sherry wine float

Shake all but sherry with cracked ice; pour into 14-oz. glass and add more cracked ice. Add sherry wine float; serve with straws.

#### SANTIAGO JULEP

|                     |                        |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 6 sprigs fresh mint | Juice 1 large lime     |
| 2 tsp. grenadine    | 2 tbs. pineapple juice |
|                     | 4 oz. Bacardi          |

Crush mint against side of 12-oz. glass; pack with finely crushed ice. Pour lime juice, pineapple juice, rum, and grenadine over ice. Garnish with clusters of fresh mint leaves; let stand briefly in refrigerator to frost, and serve with short straws.

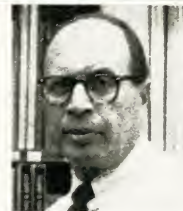
#### PONDO PUNCH

|                        |                    |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| 3 oz. Puerto Rican rum | ¼ oz. grenadine    |
| ½ oz. orange curacao   | 1 oz. orange juice |
|                        | 3 oz. seltzer      |

Shake with cracked ice; pour over finely crushed ice in 14-oz. glass; garnish with sliced fruits in season.

### THE GUYS IN THE COLUMNS

Sam Goody's record shop on 49th Street doesn't have a salesman in sight. Yep—the world's largest record store is self-service! About four thousand customers a day march through his emporium besides the thousands of orders that come by mail. . . . You'll meet almost everyone there, from the Pakistani Ambassador with a stack of discs on American jazz, to Marilyn buying Bartok, Berg and Brahms. . . . "The people," Sam shouts, "I meet the craziest!" Like the little old lady who asks him to put aside for her the loudest, most percussive works. Anything with drums, gongs, cymbals. Nothing wrong with her ears. Simply loves anything that's primitive. . . . Isn't that the most?



Matty Simmons, unlike Duncan Hines, sticks strictly to the "better" type of drinking and dining boite. . . . Promotion director of The Diners' Club, the world-wide single credit card outfit, editor of *The Diners' Club Magazine*, and president of his own far-flung public relations organization, Simmons Associates, he regularly travels to cities all over this and other countries. Estimates that he's visited more than 5,000 bistros in the last ten years! . . . His recent book, *On The House*, co-authored with brother Don, was one of the few restaurant tomes ever to get rave reviews in book sections. . . . Simmons' two year old son is probably the world's youngest fancier of fine dining. He's been to the Chambord already!





## GOODBYE CHARLIE

"If you don't push back," he thought, "they will run over you like a herd of wild cattle. Nobody runs over me no more." Then the dirt-brown Plymouth came swinging out onto the highway . . .



ILLUSTRATED BY LEO DILLON

Oh brother brother that highway did look good, it never looked so good before. When I got in my big blue and cream Lincoln I looked out at it and I thought I'm going down that highway to Birmingham and I ain't never coming back. Goodbye Charlie, I said to myself. Well, I knew I was coming back, if I wasn't coming back I would have not come back the first time which I couldn't even remember it was so long ago. But each time I like to say it, and I do.

My wife was standing at the door behind the screen in a faded green-flowered housedress and her hair skinned back behind her ears. You'd think spending a dollar to fix herself up was enough to send her to hell for good, as much as I've asked her. You can say this for me, I have never raised my hand against her. There isn't even that much left between us. I revved the motor and it sounded like a couple of hundred horses raring to go and I thought in thirty seconds I'll be gone and I ain't never coming back. I called to her, I said Do like I told you, don't even let the boy go out of the house unless you go too, keep him busy, tell him I said or else not one red cent next week. Hear? Yes, Charlie, she said and off I went.

I thought if that kid thinks he's going to get married at nineteen I might just kill him I might just. That would make him only one-fourth through and two-thirds gone like I was. Jesus, but I thought I'd die if I didn't get her right then and there. And there I was and that was it. I didn't know how easy they are, even the good ones. And now I am forty one and I was better than that, I had something in me better than that.

I passed by my showroom and it was Saturday afternoon and the place was full of farmers looking at the new models like all they had to do was make up their mind what color. I gave them all a wave and slammed on the accelerator and the thing jumped down a notch and took off just like the kids do in their daddys cars. The boys laughed and Ferguson danced around with one hand on his hips and one in the air and I thought damn him he don't know where I'm going. I told them same as her I was going down to the capitol to see the governor because the highway police could use Fords as good as they could Dodges and I wanted my share.

Oh yes you have got to fight every inch of the way. You do them a good turn, five thousand dollars and five thousand votes and you get back a letter saying thanks a lot and that's supposed to be it. You have got to go down there and say Listen I want some too. They said How about insurance and I said I sell Ford cars to white folks not burial policies to niggers. They said We will let you know and I said You let me know how many and where to deliver, that's what you let me know.

If you don't push back they will run over you like a herd of wild cattle. Nobody runs over me no more. Old man Clements said to my daddy Don't hit the boy like that, Dan, one of these days you will hit him once too often and he will hit back and he will be stronger than you are and it will be like that for the rest of time. I waited five years and when it came I could lift a hundred and fifty pound sack of seed without even sweating I gave it back to him real good. I said Daddy don't try to run over me no more or I just might kill you you remember that. And he did and he never hit me again. I bet he is still remembering it down in the ground. You reckon you remember down there? He is just bones. Jesus, with the top down tight and you can't even turn over. You can't lift your knees. Jesus.

This is it and it's already too far gone and if it isn't going to be all gone before you know it like it was too far gone before you knew it then you have got to work fast. You have got to be smart. I am smart is why I am not letting the rest slide by. Clements said to my daddy The boy is smart let him go on to school. High school. Oh brother if I'd gone to college there wouldn't be any of this selling Fords, there would be something better, maybe the bank like Clements. With my hands clean and wearing a white suit and a blue bow tie. Them farmers would have a fit if I did it now. His hands were white as a cave cricket and he smelled like ladies perfume but I wasn't sure. There was that pretty nigger boy he carried around with him, cleaner than any white boy you ever saw. Real pretty. But I wasn't sure then.

When I got back I was a sergeant and all I had was some mustering out pay and a wife and a nine year old boy. But I knew more about things like that than when

(turn over)



I went in. I went to see old Clements and I said Well now there is that nigger boy and I hear he wasn't in the army on account they don't like that type but I heard he has got a real snazzy beauty shop in Chicago and I guess nobody's even thought about where all that money came from. I said Mister Clements I figure you could loan me enough to buy that Ford dealership, I figure for old times sake. Oh brother, the look on his face, like he was a hundred and fifty years old, and I was real sorry. I said I been wanting to work around cars all my life, ever since the first time you come out in yours to see my daddy. I said, Mister Clements, I'm going to pay you back, you don't need to worry about that none. And I did, every cent of it.

He used to come roaring up in the old Pierce Arrow over them ruts and pot holes and he said Son get a cloth and see if you can get rid of the rust on the old buggy while your daddy and I decide about the planting. I would give that car a real going over until it was shining like wet grass, it looked a lot better going back than it ever did coming out. Then I'd get in it and crank it up and run that motor hard and I'd say oh yes oh yes because it sounded like it might just carry you away from there, like it might explode and throw you in a million pieces all over the earth.

I was out in the open highway and I let her go and she went. I said I'm in a hurry so go and she did. It wasn't five seconds before I had her up to eighty-five. I said at this rate it won't be an hour to the city line. Unless they get in my way. Those beat up cotton trucks moving along about ten miles an hour, riding on the thread and no brakes at all. They ought not allow it. One of these days I'm going to get me a couple of Lincoln motors and put them in a Sherman tank and then let them get in the way. You put a little cow catcher on the front and you give a little flip and then there's some big fellow sitting on the side of the road covered with little fine pieces of dirty cotton. I was the one brought the wagon in and they used to stand on the corner and yell Hey linthead we ain't seen you since last sarriday where you been keeping your linthead self, linthead? Jesus. Now they say mister and they say please can't you wait just a little while and they say I'm much obliged I'm very much obliged.

I knew she was going to be waiting for me. Somebody to be on time is as little as you can ask not to get it any oftener. She is on time, she is always ready. The first time I saw her was at the hotel where the governor stayed in Birmingham during the campaign. There was seventy five people in that room but I saw her right away. She was sitting in the chair with her legs crossed and her stockings tight over her knees it was like real ripe fruit. That is a nice sight, a woman's knees under real thin stockings like ripe fruit. I looked around but I didn't see anybody up to that, not even the boss is up to that and he is up to plenty.

I went over to her and I said It makes me sick to see all these people sucking up to the boss. She said You're just here for the free whiskey is all. I laughed. I said It ain't any good, it's just blend, I figured when I bought it they didn't deserve no better but I didn't know anything like you was coming. All right, she said, you can buy me bonded. So we left and she didn't even say good-bye to whoever she was there with. That is the way she

is, she is as straight as they make them, she plays it right through without none of that stuff they are always doing. She is in it for what I am in it for. It is very funny, one night I was the one said Do you love me and she laughed and I laughed too. It is funny, it is always women say do you love me. That was over a year ago. I go down once a month and it is fine.

I had to slow down in Oneonta because all the trucks were clogging up. I could have got out and pushed that car faster than that but they all have to crowd in on Saturday. My wife said We would do better on a farm than in the town and I said Yes and come crowding in every Saturday with the boy between us and you in a bonnet. You know how to farm, she said, you could make a living farming. Make a living, I said, why I am going to make a hundred times a good farming living. I said, Listen, I spent the first twenty years being a farmer on somebody else's hundred and fifty acres and I spent the next ten wearing a dun colored uniform taking orders from guys couldn't tie my shoes and that is about thirty years too many doing that kind of thing. I said You just don't know what you married even after eleven years, you married a man that is going to make money money money, you married a man that is going to make so much money just spending it will help relieve the burden of carrying it around so you just don't have to worry about that none. She said Money is not my worry and I said All right all right.

A third of the way between Oneonta and Birmingham is where it happened and when it happened was when the shadows were about to cool off the road. It was where Sand Mountain falls away real fast and the road with it. The road is an old wagon trail and if it was ever surveyed it was by a farmer getting the shortest distance between him and the market. The way I do it is I don't use the brakes at all. I use the curves to slow me down and the accelerator to hold me on. Once my son said Look out you're going to wreck us and I said Who's driving this car and he said Yes but who is the prize passenger in it? He is not a dumb kid.

When I got to the foot to the straightaway I was moving right along and coming toward me was this little cotton truck. A half-ton truck with a two ton load of cotton, looking like it was handmade with a pair of pliers and a monkey wrench. I saw it plain as the nose on my face and then I saw a fortysix model Plymouth the color of a dirt road swinging on my side of the highway from a little road that led up to a farmhouse and it was right where the truck was and it was right where I was going to be and it was going to be three of us smacking together on a two lane road. Things happen fast, they happen so fast, you can't do anything about them but know they are going to happen. I thought that son of a bitch is going to get us all killed. And I thought now he'll get married now she'll get him for sure and they'll go off on their honeymoon in a new Ford car. Jesus, I thought, here it is and you can't even turn over, you can't even breathe, you can't even see.

Then I saw how maybe I could do it, go between the two of them if they'd just keep moving and just move over to the shoulder a little. If they saw me and I just had time to blow my horn. They knew I was coming all

(turn to page 65)





PHOTOGRAPHY BY JERRY YULESMAN/TOPIX

The faintest shadow of suspicion

*four poster peek-a-boo*

*being the tale of a gentleman's return*

Something there is that doesn't love a trespasser. "A delightful bed," the shopkeeper had told her. "So very saucy with a modern decor. That touch of the awfully naughty nineties." But he hadn't warned her about the ghost. And lo, there the gentleman was, the very first night, a not so ethereal voyeur, bent on taking it over, new occupant and all.



The wildest eyes of derision





The lightest touch of decision



Occupancy is 9/10ths of the law



*"Fee, fi, fo, fum"  
Roared our almost Englishman  
"Somebody's been sleeping  
In my bed!"*

But she didn't give up without a tussle. And her air of contemporary laissez-faire had her visitor from the past non-plussed. Up and under, the chase went on. . . .

*One was by post  
One was by cover  
One was a ghost  
And not any lover*

But, the rights of property were paramount in the mind of the lass, and she gave up. The gentleman returned, with her good night blessings, for his long winter's nap.



No one is an owner who sits prone on the floor

The lass has mercy and the end is a draw







"I had a lot of respect for him until I found his twin brother hiding in the closet!"

## A QUESTION OF CHARACTER

(continued from page 4)

Lola lived in a hotel in the rue Navarin. She took her key off the board and they walked silently upstairs. The room was bare, there was a trunk covered with labels in one corner, and on the farther wall a photograph of Boris stuck on it with thumb-tacks. It was an identification photograph that Lola had had enlarged. "Ah," thought Boris, "that will remain when I'm a wreck; in that I shall always look young." He felt an impulse to tear it up.

"There's something odd about you," said Lola; "what's the matter?"

"I'm all in," said Boris. "I've got a pain in the top of my head."

Lola looked anxious. "You aren't ill, dear? Would you like an aspirin?"

"No, it's nothing, I shall soon feel better."

Lola took his chin and raised his head.

"You look as if you were angry with me. You aren't, are you? Yes, you are. What have I done?"

She looked distraught.

"I'm not angry with you—don't be silly," protested Boris feebly.

"You are, but what have I done to you? You'd much better tell me, because then I shall be able to explain. It's sure to be some misunderstanding. It can't be anything serious. Boris, I implore you, tell me what's the matter."

"But there's nothing."

He put his arms round Lola's neck and kissed her on the lips. Lola quivered. Boris inhaled a perfumed breath

and felt against his mouth the moist nakedness of her lips. His senses thrilled. Lola covered his face with kisses; she began to pant a little.

Boris realized that he desired Lola, and was glad: desire absorbed his black ideas, as it did ideas of any other kind. His head began to whirl, its contents sped upwards and were scattered. He had laid his hand on Lola's hip, he touched her flesh through the silken dress: he was, indeed, no more than a hand outstretched upon that silken flesh. He curved his hand slightly, and the stuff slipped between his fingers like an exquisite skin, delicate and dead; below lay the real skin, resistant, elastic, and glossy as a kid glove. Lola threw her cloak on the bed, flung out two bare arms, and clasped them round Boris's neck; she smelt delicious. Boris could see her shaven armpits, powdered with bluish black dots, minute but clearly visible, like the heads of splinters thrust deep into the skin. Boris and Lola remained standing, on the very spot where desire had come upon them, because they had no longer strength to move. Lola's legs began to tremble, and Boris wondered whether they would not both just sink down on the carpet. He pressed Lola to him and felt the rich softness of her breasts.

"Ah," murmured Lola.

She was leaning backwards, and he was fascinated by that pale head with swollen lips, a veritable Medusa's head. He thought: "These are her last good days." And he held her yet more tightly. "One of these mornings she will suddenly collapse." He detested her; he felt his body against hers, hard and gaunt and muscular, he clasped her in his arms and defended her against the years. Then



there came upon him a moment of bewilderment and drowsiness: he looked at Lola's arms, white as an old woman's hair; it seemed to him that he held old age between his hands and that he must clasp it close and strangle it.

"Don't hold me so tight," murmured Lola happily; "you're hurting me. I want you."

Boris released her: he was a little shocked.

"Give me my pajamas; I'll go and undress in the bathroom."

He went into the bathroom and locked the door: he hated Lola to come in while he was undressing. He washed his face and his feet and amused himself by dusting talcum powder on his legs. He had quite recovered his composure, and he thought: "It's fantastic." His head was vague and heavy, and he hardly knew what he was thinking about. "I must talk to Delarue about it," he decided. Beyond the door she awaited him, she was certain to be undressed by now. But he did not feel inclined to hurry. A naked body, full of naked odors, was something rather overwhelming, which was what Lola would not understand. He was now about to be engulfed into an enveloping and strong-savored sensuality. Once in it, all would be well, but *before*—well, a fellow couldn't help feeling a bit nervous. "In any case," he reflected with annoyance, "I don't intend to get involved the way I did the other time." He combed his hair carefully over the basin, to see whether it was falling out. But not one hair dropped on the white porcelain. When he had put on his pajamas, he opened the door and went back into the bedroom.

Lola was outstretched on the bed, completely naked. It was another Lola, sluggish and menacing, watching him from beneath her eyelids. Her body, on the blue counterpane, was silvery white, like the belly of a fish. She was beautiful. Boris approached the bed and eyed her with an eagerness not unmingled with disgust. She stretched out her arms.

"Wait," said Boris.

He switched off the light, and the room was promptly filled with a red glow: at the third story of the building opposite, an illuminated sign had been recently installed. Boris lay down beside Lola and began to stroke her shoulders and her breasts. Her skin was so soft that it felt exactly as though she had kept her silk wrap on. Her breasts were slackening, but Boris liked that: they were the breasts of a woman who has lived. It was in vain that he had turned out the light, he could still see, in the glare from the confounded sign, Lola's face, pale in the red glow, and black-lipped: she looked as though she was in pain, and her eyes were hard. Boris felt oppressed with the sense of tragedy to come, just as he had done at Nîmes when the first bull bounded into the arena: something was going to happen, something inevitable, awesome, and yet rather tedious, like the bull's ensanguined death.

"Take off your pajamas," pleaded Lola.

"No," said Boris.

This was a ritual. Every time Lola asked him to take off his pajamas and Boris was obliged to refuse. Lola's hands slipped under his jacket and caressed him gently. Boris began to laugh.

"You're tickling me."

They kissed. A moment passed. Lola took Boris's hand and laid it on her body: she always had odd caprices, and Boris had to protect himself sometimes. For an instant or two he let his hand inert against Lola's thighs, and then slid it gently upwards to her shoulders.

"Come," said Lola, pulling him on to her, "come, I adore you—come, come!"

She was beginning to moan, and Boris thought: "Now I'm for it." A clammy thrill ran up his body from waist to neck. "I won't," said Boris to himself, and he clenched his teeth. But then he had a sudden sense of being picked up by the neck, like a rabbit, and he sank upon Lola's body, lost in a red voluptuous dazzlement of passion.

"Darling," said Lola.

She let him gently slip aside and got out of bed. Boris remained prostrate, his head on the pillow. He heard Lola open the bathroom door, and he thought: "When this is over, I don't want any more affairs, I loathe making love. No, to be honest, that isn't what I loathe most, it's the entanglement of it all, the sense of domination: and besides, what's the point of choosing a girl friend? it would be just the same with anyone, it's physiological." And he repeated with disgust: "physiological." Lola was getting ready for the night. The water ran into the basin with a pleasant, limpid gurgle that Boris rather enjoyed. Men suffering from the hallucinations of thirst, in the desert, heard just such sounds, the sound of running water. Boris tried to imagine that he was under a hallucination. The room, the red light, the splashes, these were hallucinations, he would soon find himself in the middle of the desert, lying on the sand with a cork helmet over his eyes. Mathieu's face suddenly appeared to him. "It's fantastic," he thought; "I like men better than girls. When I'm with a girl I'm not half so happy as with a man. And yet I wouldn't dream of going to bed with a man." He cheered himself with the thought: "A monk, that's what I'll be when I've left Lola." He felt arid and austere. Lola jumped into the bed and took him in her arms.

"My dear," she said, "my dear."

She stroked his hair, and there was a long moment of silence. Boris could already see stars circling when Lola began to speak. Her voice sounded unfamiliar in that crimson night.

"Boris, I've got no one but you. I'm alone in the world, you must love me, I can't think of anyone but you. If I think of my life, I want to throw myself into the river, I have to think of you all day. Don't be a beast, darling, you must never hurt me, you're all I have left. I'm in your hands, darling, don't hurt me: don't ever hurt me—I'm all alone."

Boris awoke with a start and surveyed the situation with precision.

"If you are alone, it's because you like to be so," he said, speaking in a clear voice, "it's because you're proud. Otherwise you would love an older man than me. I'm too young. I can't prevent you from being alone. I believe you chose me for that reason."

"I don't know," said Lola. "I love you to distraction—that's all I know."

She flung her arms wildly around him. Boris heard her once more saying: "I adore you," and then he fell fast asleep.







## NO PURPLE HEART

fiction . . . JIM DOWNS

EDITOR'S CHOICE: THE FIRST PUBLISHED STORY BY A YOUNG CALIFORNIA WRITER—

INSPIRED BY ONE OF WORLD WAR TWO'S STRANGEST LEGENDS

How many men do you meet in a war? Maybe a thousand, or ten thousand? But you don't know them. You don't really remember them as men. They fill spots in your memory. The mess boys or the radiomen or the officer who shared your cabin for a few months or the seaman who was gun pointer on your battery at G.Q. Some you called friends. Some are grey men without faces. But I remember Priestly, and if I could forget him I'd like it better. Sympathy makes me remember. Sympathy makes me fight traffic out over Sepulveda twice a year with a load of cigarettes and magazines to Sawtelle Veterans Hospital, to the section where the ward nurses are men, big men, and where you can hear the patients gibbering and crying in their rooms, to spend an hour

with Priestly. It's always a long hour, trying not to say the wrong thing. Trying not to see the fear just beneath the surface of his eyes.

In early January of 1942, there was no fear. He was tall and redheaded, big-chested and sure of himself with the air of a man who got along with men and found women easy. One man out of thirty scraped up out of the shipless casualties at P. H. to be sent to a dot in the Pacific to carry out some small part of a plan beyond our own understanding.

Endicott was in command. I was executive officer of the detail with a warrant radio electrician and a chief radio man for the detail staff. The men were radiomen, and aerographers, cooks and a couple of quartermasters

with some seamen for the heavy work. Priestly was a first class boatswain's mate and leading enlisted man.

There was no time to get to know the detail—ten days of briefings, paperwork, checking supplies and equipment and loading the whole works aboard the destroyer detailed to haul us to Moa Lua. Our orders were to set up a radio station, make weather observations and survey the island as a possible seaplane and submarine base.

Nobody told us much about the island, but I found time to borrow a copy of the Encyclopedia, Vol. Ma-Mu, and the sailing directions for the Central Pacific and read them on the way south.

The sailing directions were sketchy, and the Encyclopedia devoted less than a third of a column to the subject.

written by J. Allen Quirter, professor of Polynesian Anthropology, University of Hawaii. Mostly he told about flora and fauna, but in the closing paragraph he'd written:

*Generally speaking, the natives are a handsome race, with a distinctive difference in morphological type between the ruling families and the lower class. The relations with foreigners have been hospitable as a rule, but several incidents involving bloodshed have been recorded when native men came to the defense of their women. The last report was from the Japanese fisherman Taimizu Maru in 1933, when four men were killed and several injured.*

(turn over)



The destroyer dumped us in a hurry and hightailed it over the horizon. Independent steaming in the CenPac in 1942 wasn't anybody's idea of fun. We were still standing around the pile of gear on the beach when the natives arrived.

They slipped out of the thick jungle that grew from the edge of the beach, blanketing the foothills of the one tall mountain that made up half the island. They were big, dark fellows with Mr. America bodies, wearing loin-cloths and carrying the meanest looking spears you ever saw. The spearheads were wood, with sharks' teeth set in the edges. It set your teeth on edge just to imagine what they'd do to flesh. But nobody was mad. The big boys slammed the spears into the sand and made for us like lodge brothers, hugging the first guy they came to, pounding us on the back and gibbering in what must have been pidgin English, "Goddamn sunabitch fella happy Jesuchrist."

The men finished with us, and the women appeared. It wasn't like Hollywood said. Most of the girls were stocky and dark, and their chests didn't thrust themselves against the tropic splendor or anything like that. But they were certainly passable enough for any bunch of sailors used to the hard cases on Hotel Street, and it would have broken a brassiere salesman's heart to see all that unsupported mammary. They did wear grass skirts that hung low on their hips and made you feel damn sure you would be seeing a lot more than mammaries in a few seconds. They were as friendly as the men. Apparently rubbing noses was the customary female greeting, but as most of the girls ran into the C-cup range, a hell of a lot more than noses were rubbing before Endicott and I broke up the party and got our people lined up—bright-eyed and breathing hard.

The girls began to act like they didn't want to take no for an answer, and then suddenly scampered for the brush. We looked into the jungle and saw the reason for the powder.

A tall man, who would have been king wherever he was, was stepping out of the brush. He was old and white-haired, but built like a wrestler. Just behind him was a frail-looking old boy covered with feathers and shells—a holy man. Behind them was a little crowd of women, oldsters this time, probably the wives of the king.

He drove his spear into the sand and lifted his hands, making a long speech in pidgin and island talk, and we judged that we were welcome. The boys and girls let out a happy shout and reappeared, but then fell back again as the king's party parted and a girl stepped out.

Hollywood couldn't have even dreamed of this one. No one could, not even if they had a whole year off to do it in. She was taller than the others and lighter—coffee with just a touch of cream. Her black hair and body glistened with oil, and it was really a body to remember. The way her frontal development stood up without help would have killed the Maidenform people. She wore one red flower in her hair. Other than that she was naked. A real picture of tawny flesh, full breasts, black gleaming hair cascading over her shoulders and down her back to her waist, with just a hint of shadow at the juncture of her thighs that betrayed the fact that this was a woman, not a statue. She was perhaps fourteen, already a woman in these latitudes.

She walked past the king, a calm dreamy look on her face. Endicott blushed and started to take off his hat, but she walked right by him to where the men were. She only saw one man. Priestly and that damn red hair. She stood in front of him and took his face between her palms, pulling it close to hers and rubbing his nose with hers. She ran her fingers through the big lock of red-gold hair that always stuck out in front of his white hat and smiled. Her teeth were—hell, they were white—like pearls, if you want poetry, or snow or new ivory—anyway, white. And when she showed them, her face dimpled and lit up, and you wanted to smile too.

Then—bingo—she was gone and all the rest of the women with her, and the old king. Some of the men hung around and lent their muscle while we set up a camp and then they were gone too.

Nothing's happier than a sailor when he thinks that by some kind of miracle in the Bureau of Personnel he has been handed good duty. But our people weren't thinking about any part of the duty except what a ball it was going to be with all that wonderful friendly girl-flesh on the island. Of course, Priestly was head man, after the way the chief's daughter had greeted him.

Endicott mustered us before dinner (the galley went up first of all) and broke the bad news.

"Stay away from the women." He didn't mince words a bit and laid it on the line about the Encyclopedia report. "I know it looked great, and there didn't seem to be resentment from the men, but nevertheless my order stands."

The men looked hurt and bewildered and mad, but Endicott went on. "Here's some more reasons," he said. "The first guy I catch can figure on getting a general court martial when we get to Pearl, but before then he can figure on the fact that I'm gonna give him a working over like he never dreamed of." He had been collegiate heavyweight champ for three years at the Academy and two years All-American right guard, and nobody doubted him.

"But if you figure a piece of tail is worth a beating you might think about this. Men have been killed by these people, and even with our rifles and the BAR they'd be certain to get some of us with those damn spears. Just look around and figure out if you want to get killed for a roll in the hay." That sunk in.

"There's every chance in the world the Japs will decide to occupy this island. Just how long do you think you could hide if the natives hated our guts? You guys who have been in China tell the others about what the Nips do to prisoners."

His speech worked and for a month the guys avoided women like a plague. It wasn't easy. The girls were always around, hiding in the brush, dropping their grass skirts and beckoning the men into the jungle, running down to the lagoon to swim, naked. Except the chief's daughter. The girl who liked Priestly's red hair. She had eyes for no one else. When we took the boat into the lagoon to plant survey markers she swam after us, like a lithe sensuous water goddess luring sailors to death. Sometimes she would pull herself up on the bow and just sit there watching Priestly until his light skin turned beet-red and sweat rolled down his forehead and he was breathing like a handy-billy. I didn't blame him. She





*"I'd like something for someone who's been a very very good girl."*

acted as if I was invisible, but just looking at her, naked and glistening with water droplets and unashamed as a child, I was breathing hard too. I joked with him about it, but then I didn't realize what he was going through. I didn't realize that until a destroyer snuck in over the horizon, dropped some supplies and a couple of bags of mail.

It was a holiday for all hands, reading month-old letters, sharing a couple of trip-worn cakes, and generally laughing it up. Except for Priestly. He'd gotten one letter addressed in a half-literate scrawl and disappeared into his tent.

I blamed the mail for making the men homesick and blamed their being surly and quarrelsome on their being homesick. I didn't find out differently until two weeks later, when I caught Spinilli, one of the radiomen, trying to sneak into the jungle with a roly-poly little wench who was already carrying her grass skirt in her hand.

I broke it up in a hurry and started to give Spinilli a chewing, but he didn't stand still for it.

"It's okay for you guys to get some. What's wrong with a white hat gettin' some?"

"What are you talking about?"

"If Priestly can get his every night you can't fool me that you officers and chiefs ain't in on it too."

Priestly was gone from his tent, and when I caught him sneaking in at dawn he had the dragged out look of a guy who had really found a partner.

"Went torch fishing with some of the native men," he said when I caught him. He had three fish with him and coral cuts on his feet, and I couldn't prove otherwise.

He was gone the next night. He slipped out, leaving his sea bag covered with a blanket. The first rule of an officer is never to lose his temper. I broke the rule and picked the sea bag up and threw it out of the tent. It came open, dumping clothes and personal gear in the sand. On top of the pile was a scrapbook. It had fallen open, and when I turned the flap on it it took a minute to realize what I was seeing. Pornography, filthy pictures—hundreds of them, Japanese and Chinese water colors, French etchings and just plain photos showing sex in every position and combination. Not all of them were professional jobs. There must have been snapshots of two dozen girls in the nude. Snapshots taken with the box camera I found jammed in the bottom of the sea bag. The snaps weren't any pretense at art poses. Against a dozen backgrounds—woods, beaches, badly lighted rooms, on the front seats of convertibles parked on a back road—the poses were the same. An animal sprawl, a sensuous, animal smile and a look that said very clearly the subject expected some real action as soon as the photographer put down the camera. On the back in neat printing was a cryptic record of each girl's performance and her peculiarities. Priestly had found out things Kinsey hadn't even imagined. Besides the pictures was a collection of comic booklets, an obscene toy monkey and a half dozen pornographic novels with titles like *Lovers of Paris* and *South Sea Paradise*.

I took the whole mess to Endicott and stood by while he blew his top. "A goddamn sex fiend. They send me to an island full of eager broads. I can't let the men look at them, and then by God they assign me a sex maniac with  
(turn over)



a sea bag full of sex pictures to keep himself stirred up." He flung the scrapbook on the ground and a letter fluttered out. I picked it up. It was the same one Priestly had received at mail call. I read it.

The scrawl and the spelling was that of a near-illiterate who signed herself "Mother." But there were three other notes tacked on below the main letter from three women named "Ann," Betty" and "Mame." His sisters, I gathered. Each one, from the tone of the letter, a professional or semi-professional ("Mames got herself in truble agin with a fella frum Shikawgo") operator in a middle-sized southern town. There was a snapshot in the letter of four women. One was older and slatternly but with the remains of an undisciplined beauty. The others, the oldest perhaps twenty-three, would have been pretty, if they hadn't been smeared with badly-placed makeup and dressed in cheap flashy Hollywood-style clothes obviously ordered blind from ads in confession magazines.

I read the letter again, amazed at a society I'd never known, where prostitution was a normal profession for a girl with a figure and illegitimacy was only an inconvenience. But there was something else in the letter, not in the words, but in the tone, an unhealthy unnatural undercurrent. Remarks which had no real meaning but which sent my mind wandering down odd speculative paths. I was snapped back to reality when Endicott spoke. "I'm going to beat him. Just like I said. Then I'm going to chain him to a tree every night and work his ass off all day, and when we get back to Pearl I'm gonna have him court martialed. I'd like to burn this crap before his eyes, but I'm gonna keep it for evidence."

Endicott met him just before dawn and gave him the beating. Priestly was big and he tried to put up a fight, but Endicott was bigger and smarter and more polished. It was over in two minutes.

And he did chain him every night, to the bole of a big palm tree with a canvas shelter to keep off the rain. It made the men uncomfortable, but they accepted it as necessary. We all wondered when the trouble with the natives would begin.

It was worse for me because every day I had to work with him in the boat. It was a strain being with him, knowing how his mind worked, thinking of those women and the degrading pictures of them and wondering how he felt about them and not being able to ask. It was even worse because Tulia, the girl, was always there, swimming near the boat or sitting on a rock when we were inshore. And at night we could see her in the shadows of the jungle watching him. Now she wore a grass skirt like the other girls—a symbol of her lost virginity and full status as a woman.

Priestly didn't seem resentful. Since that night he had acted like a man in a dream. Only once did he come out of it. We were in the boat, and for once the girl was gone. Priestly turned to me.

"Mr. Graham, what is Mr. Endicott gonna do with me?"

"General court, I suppose. Yellow discharge probably."

"That seems an awful lot jus' for messing up with a little old island girl."

"It's not so much that, Priestly, as it is your doing it when you had been ordered not to. You put this whole detail in danger."

For a second his eyes blazed with a frightening kind of anger, unbalanced anger. "It's allus the same. Women. They git a man in trouble. They ain't no good. Allus pushing thereself at you and wriggling it and daring you."

"All women aren't that way, Priestly."

He laughed. "Ain't they? You know them gals I took the pictures of? One of 'em was a preacher's wife! 'Nuther'n was my C.O.'s daughter and 'nuther'n was her mother! Most of 'em I met at a church party somewhere or other. But it don't make no difference where. They ain't no different than whores. Not one bit different than my sisters and my . . ."

He didn't finish and he didn't have to. The undertones of the letter were clear. It wasn't a pretty picture. Four amoral women, a widow and her fast-blossoming daughters hiding their lusts from the tongues of a small town by using the home's only man, Priestly, son and brother. It was clearer now what drove Priestly. He had to prove that all women were like his women. I felt sorry for him for the first time. I hoped I could talk Endicott into sending him to a psycho ward instead of a court martial.

After that he slipped back into his shell, going through his routine of being chained and unchained and doing his work without resentment or anger or any visible emotion, even when he saw Tulia.

I didn't know how long it would last that way, but I didn't have to wait. We got a radio message with orders to pack up and prepare to abandon the station. A destroyer was to pick us up in a week.

Three days later the chief called on us. "You fella belong goway?"

Endicott told him that we would leave.

The king pointed to Priestly, who was working on the boat, readying it for the trip back to Pearl.

"Him fella no can go. You fella no catchy woman. Him catchy Tulia. No can go."

This was it. I waited while Endicott pow-wowed with the old man. It took two hours. Endicott stamped into the tent.

"The old bastard says the island people will die if Priestly goes away. Says he's got Tulia's soul or some such rot. Gimme the BAR."

He snatched the weapon and a half-dozen clips and went back to where the old king sat. Endicott loaded the BAR and pointed to a middle sized palm tree. The king nodded. Endicott leveled the gun and squeezed off a clip. He loaded again and squeezed out fifteen more rounds. Half way through the third clip the palm tree fell over, the bole cut in two.

The old king looked at the tree, examined the splintered bole, nodded and walked into the jungle.

Endicott came back into the tent. "Issue the Springfield and .38s. Dig some foxholes around the perimeter of the camp."

"What are we going to do?"

"Wait."

We waited for two days. Until the old chief came back out of the jungle with his holy man.

He squatted in front of Endicott. "You fella no be mad. You fella no use palm killer gun. Holy man say red head fella goway okay. You come, eat, drink, dance, make magic. Him go okay."

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## TAILORMAIDS

Well, what else can they do —  
if the men are shy and  
the models are scarce?



But it's not what you think. Not a whit bit different at all. Not by a camera shot. Just fashion. Male fashion. In Germany. But . . . come to think of it—not a bad idea. That one in the homburg. Nice, no? Oh—you go for the one who wears a single breasted suit. Hmmm!

PHOTOGRAPHY/GRAPHIC HOUSE







From bed-time garb, through office attire, to that every-so-often night of elegance, the damsels show us their idea of hirsute chic and appeal. Perhaps this last—the handkissing moment—is a lesson in galanterie. The eyes are on you. Notice?



**The Lower East Side  
taught Matt to be tough  
with his fists.  
But he had to learn the rest. . .  
from a girl named Beth**

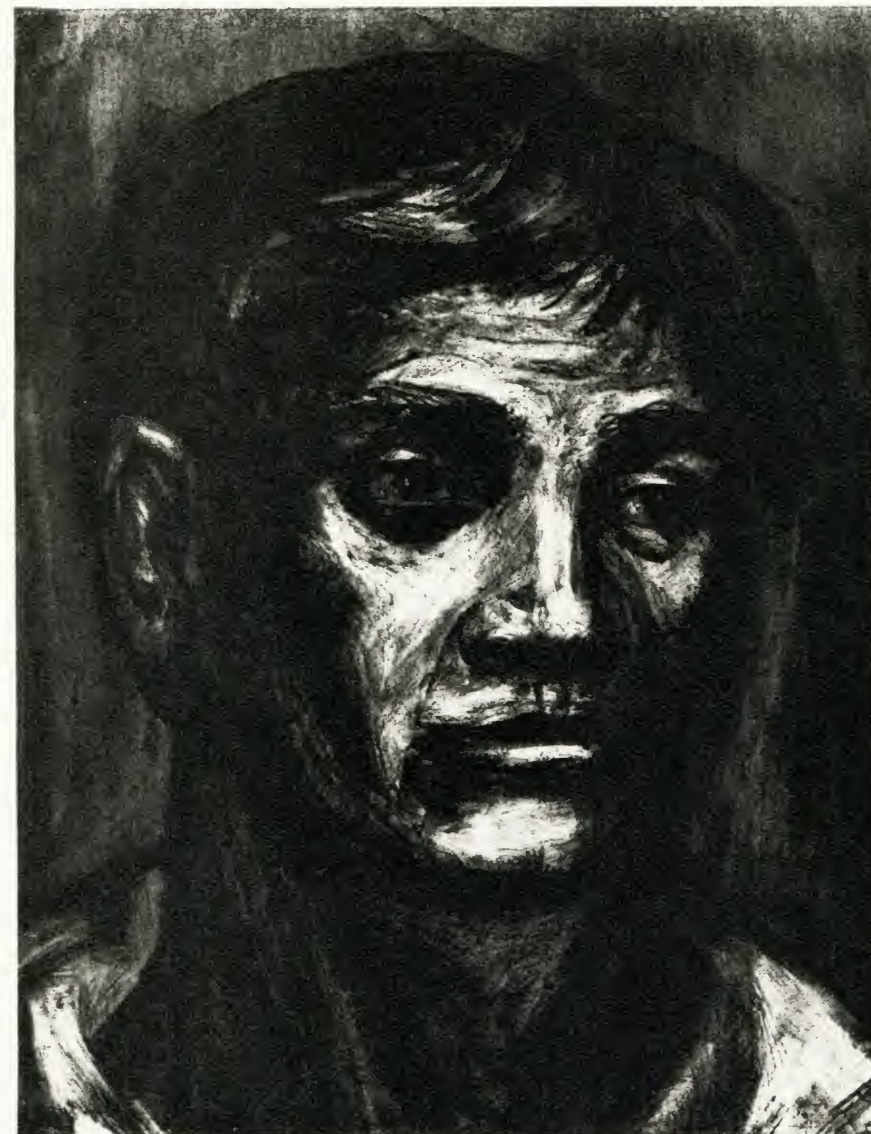
Matt stood in the side entrance of the school gym and turned up the collar of his cotton lumberjacket to keep the night's drizzle from his neck. He held the shopping bag packed with his ring clothes under his arm and felt his pants pockets to be sure his money hadn't fallen out. He remained in the doorway, watching the fine dots of rain that seemed like a plague of minute insects cavorting in the air before finally falling to the street. Behind him, he heard Hustler and Pinky nagging the crew of clean-up boys to hurry with clearing away the portable ring equipment so the hired moving truck didn't have to stand around, eating up money while waiting to get loaded. Matt shrugged and touched his swollen lips and fingered the lumpy bruise on his right cheek bone and wished that there was a way to fight and not get marked up. "I'm better off than Tony, anyway," he muttered, thinking of how he had knocked four front teeth from his opponent's mouth and puffed Tony's left eye until it was fully closed, and then, mashed the fighter so badly that even the blood-loving screwballs in the audience had screamed to make the referee stop the fight. "Better him than me," Matt said, and wondered if he could wait someplace where he couldn't be seen, then whistle to Duffy when his friend left the school gym and then, together, they could ride the subway home. No sense taking chances, he thought, and buttoned the collar of his jacket and left the doorway.

Tonight he had gotten notes from three women and again Pinky had offered to let him use one of the high school whores and though tonight he felt like he had the weepy blues deep, deep inside of him, he wanted to laugh at how nutsy and whacked up the world was. He hadn't seen Penny since the morning she had called him a yellow-belly coward and he didn't like not seeing her for over a week—not being able to tell her he had won four more fights and had bought the earrings she wanted and carried them all the time . . . "I got other feelings for her," he whispered as he hunched over and nodded his head to keep the drizzle from his face: convincing himself that he wouldn't do as Penny had once accused him of planning to do—tumble her a few times, then tumble her any time he liked, and when he was famous, forget all the promises he made and just go crazy for tumbling movie actresses. "I ain't that way, Penny," he spoke aloud, wishing that she was home now, instead of working at that new job taking pictures of people in night clubs. "I even got you a dime birthday card with a long poem on it just to show you . . ." Matt shook his head as he walked the dark street, knowing that he would never say such sissy words to any girl. He wiped a film of dampness from his face, telling himself that he must think of something else—so by thinking of something else, he could clear away the weepy blues he felt.

He was becoming known as the toughest fighter the Butchers ever had, but it was getting harder to win money betting on himself. When he fought, the betting odds usually went as high as six to one that he would win the fight. If he was to win fifty dollars each time he entered the ring, he would have to give Duffy three hundred good dollars to bet for him and Duffy might be given three hundred and fifty counterfeit dollars in re-

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ILLUSTRATED BY RUPERT CONRAD



## THE BUTCHERS' BOY

fiction . . . LEONARD BISHOP



turn. He hoped that soon, Pinky and Hustler would tell him to lose a fight so they could take advantage of the odds given to him. If he was ordered to dump a fight, it wouldn't count against his record because the Big Guys always watched the wildcat fighters and would know his losing was deliberate. "Losing's the only way I can win bigger money," he said as he walked; taking a cigarette from his shirt pocket and cupping it in his hands, then returning it to the pack, not really wanting to smoke. If the Butchers were reasonable men, without a crazy greed to own the whole world, he would go to them and say, "I want triple the money I get now 'cause you're makin' triple the money you made before I come to fight for you!" Matt shrugged. They would laugh at him and maybe give him less fights as punishment for starting trouble. If the other fighters weren't such lice who squealed any secret to the Butchers to make Pinky and Hustler like them, he would talk to them and see if they would back him up for more money. "Gutter-crap!" he cursed softly and shrugged again, then stopped walking when he realized that a car had been following him. He stood still, watching the glary headlights move slowly up the street like the brilliantly flaming eyes of some fantasy creature creeping toward him. He hoped it wasn't the gang of the fighter he had just beaten. He didn't want to fight anymore. Just be alone. The car was blackboard gray and had a canvas top. He inched back a little when it stopped before him.

The car door opened and the woman smiled. "I'll drive you to where you're going," and Matt stooped over to be sure no one was hidden in the back seat. "Maybe I ain't goin' your way, lady," he answered, and the woman kept smiling while he glanced around the street, quickly searching the night for outlines of strangers.

"I'll drive you to the subway," she said. Matt shrugged and seated himself on the maroon leather cushions and slammed the door shut, certain she was one of the women who had written him a note during the fight. He watched the quickened flicking of the windshield wipers as she again accelerated the motor and drove the car—telling himself not to believe her if she flattered him because she didn't care if he was happy or had the weepy blues. She just wanted some rough-house tumbling with an animal.

"My name is Beth." "Pleased ta meetcha," he answered, wondering if he should play the phony game of acting like a dumbbell with big eyes for someone to like him. I don't have to play it all the way and cheat on Penny. Just go up to her fancy apartment and see what I never seen before.

"I enjoyed the way you fought tonight."

He nodded. "Thanks a lot," then tightened his lips together, suddenly ashamed of the grunty hoarseness in his voice after hearing the silky way she spoke. He counted the flick-flacks of the wipers and she asked if he was terribly exhausted after such a grueling fight and he shrugged, muttering, "I'm used to it," and stared through the glazy clearings of glass, telling himself it didn't matter . . . because she carried herself high and had class and if he had to play a phony game to learn the ways of high-class people, it wasn't a wasting game you hated when it was over.

"You haven't told me your name," she said as she turned the corner and drove along the wide stretch of

Fordham Road. He looked at her, hating the school-teacher way she spoke, then licked his lips, wanting to say, "Christ, you're beautiful'm even Penny," as he stared at the sharpness of her cheek bones delicately tapering down to the magazine-model shape of her lips, her wavy lengths of brown hair and small lilt-curved nose, the bright whiteness of her teeth.

"Matthew Bennis," he said, a little proudly, so she knew he wasn't just some snot-nosed kid who begged rides from strangers.

"A strong name that suits you well," she answered, and hummed softly as she drove and he noticed the smallness of her hands as she guided the car, like two timorous animals hidden under pale shells, not at all like his mother's—veined and slightly knuckled.

"Would you like something to eat, Matthew?" She asked, and he turned to tell her to play the game the regular way and stop teasing him because only his mother called him Matthew, and only when she was angry. "Don't be uncomfortable with me, Matthew. Could you imagine a little person like myself hurting someone with your physique?" He shook his head and looked away from her, assuring himself he had no reason to become annoyed because it was all a game.

"I only eat scrambled eggs at night," he said, and studied the dull lights of the dashboard dials, then added, "I thought you was driving me to the station?"

She stopped the car for a red light and touched the back of his hand. "Isn't a car ride back to Manhattan better than a subway ride?" He moved his hand from under her quivery fingertips. "It's O.K. by me."

She drove again and he stared at how the bright headlights stretched through the murky dark like a long yellow carpet magically suspended in air.

"Did you send me a note while I was fightin'?" he asked, feeling that he must talk or she would think he was a dope who didn't know the whys and hows and bargaining rules of the game.

"Yes, Matthew. I asked if you would be generous enough to teach me how to box. It's terribly important that I learn."

He frowned at her and again studied her hands, then the shadowed area in which her feet worked the pedals, thinking that she could never get to be much of a puncher, but she had the long legs fast fighters needed—then smothered a smile as he remembered that her wanting to know about fighting was just one of her rules.

"I ain't no teacher, only a fighter," he said; then wished he had used another word instead of *ain't*. "Anyway, why's anyone like you want to learn?" he asked deliberately, trying to pronounce each letter in the words he spoke, beginning to anger because under his shirt and pants his skin was gritty with sweat and she looked so clean and a faint aroma of perfume was in the car.

She turned onto the short-spanned bridge leading to Manhattan and explained that she lived alone and only last month had been engaged to marry a man she thought she loved, then later realized she didn't really love him and had broken their engagement. But this man was terribly strong and frightening and had been telephoning her, demanding that she renew their engagement or he would do something violent to her because he was insanely jealous. After the first few phone calls she had





notified the police and told them about this man's threats, but the police said they could do nothing until they had evidence of an intended attack.

Matt interrupted her to say, "Cops don't give a damn about no one," and she nodded her agreement, then continued telling him that this man had left town but would soon return and since the police wouldn't protect her, she would have to learn to defend herself.

"Why don't you go to boxing school?" he asked, and waited for her to say why she couldn't go to a boxing school—so they could begin sparring like two fighters feeling each other out before charging against each other.

Beth smiled and stared at him.

"Like I said, lady, I never taught fighting and I might rough you up."

"I'm sure you'll be very careful, Matthew."

"Hester Park's the only place I can think of to teach you in, only I can't, 'cause I'd get laughed at, teachin' dames."

"I have a very large apartment. We could begin the first lesson there."

"Nawh, we'd make a lotta noise an' the people livin' under you'd bang up like they do in my house."

"I have very thick carpeting, Matthew, so that eliminates that problem."

"I don't know what to charge you. Unless I do like them music instrument joints do, a quarter an hour."

"Why don't we go to my apartment, right now, and discuss it. I'll make you some scrambled eggs and I'll have a cup of coffee, and we'll work out the terms."

"Coffee's lousy for you at night. Milk's better. Ain't it—isn't it kind of late?"

"We won't be long. You'll have to give me a sample so we can judge exactly what the terms will be."

"If it's O.K. by you, it's O.K. by me. School's out for the summer so I got plenty time."

She laughed a little and he promised himself to remember the way she laughed so he could teach the laugh to Penny who laughed with shrieky baby giggles while this woman's laugh had fun in the sounds. He watched the red taillights of other cars ahead, thought of the story she had made up about the man who was threatening her. It ain't hard to believe, he told himself, glancing at her figure—the taut fullness of her breasts under the cloudy blue dress material . . . As she drove, the hem of her skirt edged over her knees and he tried not to look, though he wished it would slide all the way up . . . He put the shopping bag of ring clothes in his lap because he was feeling tense in his stomach. Beth hummed softly as she drove along: Lenox Avenue, and Matt stared straight ahead, suddenly tired of playing a phony game when he should be alone, walking and squeezing his brains until he found a way to make the Butchers pay him more money for fighting.

"Would you like me to drive through Central Park?" she asked, and Matt didn't answer, again annoyed at the schoolteacher way she spoke; promising himself, even as he tightened his hand to keep from smacking her, that if she didn't stop treating him like dirty socks and play the game right, he'd plan a plan to suck her dry of every high-class way she had and then spit in her face before he left her. Beth stopped at a red light located at the curving entrance leading into the park.

"Are you always so serious, Matthew? Don't you ever laugh or just smile at nothing at all?"

"I ain't no freak, if that's what you're thinkin'. An' if that's what you're thinkin', I'll get the hell outta here an' you can get someone else to teach you."

"I wasn't making fun of you, Matthew. I only asked a simple question."

"I laugh when I got reasons to laugh . . ."

(turn over)



"I imagine you've been fighting a long time to fight as well as you do."

"Long enough, you could say. Soon I'll be a pro an' listed on the record books."

"Is being a professional prize fighter your only ambition?"

"Listen, lady, if being champion of the whole goddam world ain't a big ambition, then you name me one better."

"But aren't you a little young to be so ambitious?"

"What's so young about seventeen? When I get your age I'll be champ of the world and with lotsa money years of fightin' still ahead of me, an' if you think I'm blowin' hot air, just remember my name and see if I ain't on top when I'm old as you."

She laughed, and the sound of her laugh was different—as if she knew his father was in jail and all she had to do was tell the newspapers, and the reporters would never print the words he said after winning the championship. Hating the continued nag of her laughter which made him grab her arm and pull her around, he squeezed her flesh until she winced and stared at his face with startled eyes.

"Don't laugh at me 'cause you ain't better'n me, see! When I say I'll be champ, what I say is ink what don't come off, so cut that goddam laugh and don't make out like I'm a freak!" He released her arm and leaned against the door and held the metal handle, waiting for her to tell him to get out, the game was over and she could find another fighter to play with. She rubbed her bruised arm and stared at his face and he didn't care . . .

"You don't realize your own strength, Matthew," she said, and he turned to her, frowning because she hadn't chased him from the car.



She still massaged her arm and he noticed that her mouth was slightly opened and her eyes squinted, looking at him the same way Penny looked at him after a long time of squeezing and rubbing each other on the dark rooftop.

"I wasn't laughing at you, Matthew. I laughed because you think I'm so terribly old," she said, her voice hushed as though her words must never reach the windows and be heard by the night. Matt looked away, his anger pressed down in him like a jack-in-the-box toy ready to burst from his throat; wishing he was as smart at playing the game with this woman as he was with the Butchers who played a different game.

"I don't like someone laughing at me."

She touched her fingertips to his hand, whispering, "You're so terribly strong, Matthew," and turned from him to drive into the park. He sat a little stiffly, counting the lighted lamppost globes along the sides of the constantly turning road, trying to keep from feeling the sense of strangeness he was beginning to feel—as though he had suddenly become two years older and could only gurgle and sputter and flop his hands like a child does when playing a chase-papa game, all the time knowing that Papa was too big to catch. All this woman saw of him was muscles and not the nice way he wanted to smile and say, "Let's be friends when we play"; he didn't belong in this high-class car and was being driven to an even stranger place where he might become quickly jumbled up and lost in the game he was playing.

He heard her begin to hum again and now and then, rub her arm, and he was glad she didn't hate him. The skirt of her dress had hiked above the narrow rims of her stockings and even as he convinced himself nothing could make him cheat on Penny, he had to stare at the space of bare flesh, wishing he could say to her, "I only want to play so far and no more, so cover yourself up"—then made himself turn away as she drove through the park exit, saying, "It's only a few blocks from here." He nodded, trying to think of what he had learned since he first entered the car—the first thing to being high-class is learnin' how to talk, then using big words like terribly, but he couldn't concentrate because her skirt had shifted still higher on her thighs, making him remember what Duffy had said, "Touchin' fancy women is like puttin' your hands in a bucket of whipped cream." Then he turned away from her exposed flesh to press the shopping bag hard into his lap, certain that Duffy always missed a million new things because all he wanted was to be an auto mechanic and didn't care that maybe high-class women were made for more than just special thrills and could show a future champion a million things he had to know so he acted like a champion even in between money fights. The skirt slid still higher as she braked the car to turn the corner and he saw a slim elastic strap on the side of her thigh, and he blamed Penny for making him suddenly want to play the whole game and not just until he could see this woman's apartment. Cursing Penny for always pushing him away after teasing him right up to where if he didn't do it, right then, he knew he would go blind or lunatic—then smashing the feeling in his body, as a bottle is smashed, by saying, "No, Matt, you'll make me pregnant!" Suddenly, Matt wanted to turn to Beth . . . But he sat, pressing the shopping bag still harder into

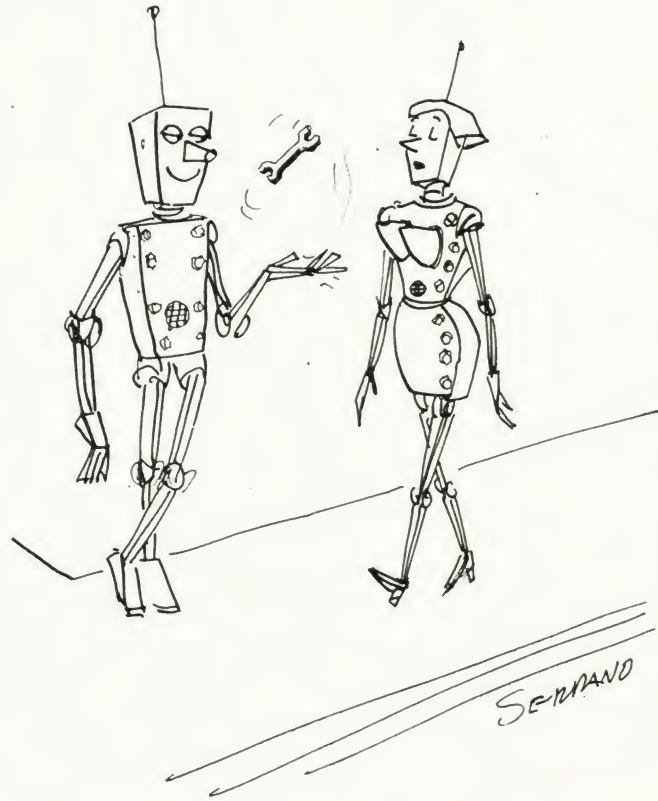


his groin, deciding that it was better to feel the way he was feeling now, a little angry and worked-up and expectant than lonely with the weepy blues.

Beth veered to the left of the street and stopped the car before a house front with only one step leading to the doorway. They left the car and Matt said, "You better lock it or someone'll cop it from you," and she answered, "Not in this neighborhood." He shrugged, then hurried to the door and held it open as the men in the movies always did for ladies. He followed her to the self-service elevator, keeping his face calm so she didn't know he had never been in so large a hallway before; quietly sniffing the air but unable to smell cooking odors as in the hallway of his house; thinking that the next time anyone asked where they could rob some furniture, he would tell them this address. The elevator doors opened and they stood at opposite walls of the bright compartment. Beth pressed a button on the panel board. He knew she was examining him as he was examining her and he felt giant large and immediately proud of his body and no longer afraid or strange—because she was slender and if she ever laughed at him again, he could grab her small face in his right hand and squash it as easy as he could squash a cantaloupe. Beth blinked her eyes and smiled and he stared at the floor, listening to the burry hum of the rising elevator; suddenly feeling a little ashamed at the ragged scuff of his shoe tips, the baggy sloppiness of his pants, the splotches of dirt on his jacket—hoping now that she didn't laugh at him and call him an unkempt bum as the schoolteachers had called him. He looked up at her, his body tensed as if expecting to be laughed at again. Beth reached out and touched his arm, saying gently, "Clothes don't make a man a man, Matthew, so don't feel embarrassed. You're more of a man than most men, believe me." He looked away, glad the elevator had stopped and the doors opened. He didn't want to like her because liking her was being friends with a shadow that ran away when the lights were put on. And if she liked him back it would only be during the game, and afterwards, her liking would change to pity.

Who cares! he told himself, and followed behind her, his hand on the lump of money in his pocket, wondering what she would answer if he said, "I'll do anything you want, no matter how nutsy it is, if you promise to teach me the ways of being high-class." Then he could show the ways to his mother and they could move from Henry Street and open up a new home, so when his father left prison, he could give up his thieving to also learn the high-class ways and behave like the father of a champion. Beth stopped at a door and turned a key in the lock, telling him, "I want you to feel at home, Matthew," as she opened the door, and he knew she was a little nervous because her voice trembled as Penny's voice trembled when he touched her . . . She pushed a light button and led him through a narrow alcove into the large living room with surgical white walls and a fluffy gray rug that covered the entire floor.

He didn't care that she was smiling at the astonished way he stared around the apartment, positive that only billion-billionaires could pay to live here. He felt shivery under his skin as he looked at a large painting of bright-costumed clowns which he knew wasn't torn from the Sunday *News* color section and then flour-pasted into a



frame; the highly polished console radio cabinet as big as his mother's icebox; a shin-high oval table with sterling cigarette lighters and ash trays on its marble surface; the slate-gray divan, longer and cushier looking than his bed—sorry now that he had come in with such boasting toughness and believed that he could play the game like fancy men could, because she was all the money in the world and was showing him he was a tinny toy she could buy from a candy store counter; that he was king of the gutter, but muck in the eyes of class.

"Are you sure you want those scrambled eggs before our boxing lesson, Matthew?" she said, and he spun around, his hands clenched, feeling a nauseous rage that made him want to smash her face for having what he knew his mother dreamed to have and his father thieved to have—jamming his hands into his pockets to keep his aching hatred from driving him to rip her clothes from her creamy body and hang her out the window, legs broken around her neck, so mobs of people could look up at her and laugh at her and laugh and make her feel like he felt now. Beth frowned and moved a few steps back, slowly pointing about the room, smiling carefully.

"All this is nothing, Matthew. You can have a million dollars and ten castles and still be poor."

"Shut up, you hear me!"

"If you let a silly apartment like this make you feel small, how will you feel with a champion's responsibilities?"

"You think I'm just gutter-crap with muscles, huh! No brains, no nothin', huh!"

(turn over)



"Matthew, believe me, I'm not trying to make you feel dirty or a freak. There's no other place I could have taken you to."

"You want to learn fightin', don't you? O.K., shut up an' I'll teach you."

"Matthew, please, you have to believe me when I—"

"This is how you go for a guy you wanna lump up a little."

He crouched over and shuffled to her, his hands still clenched, liking the way fright made her step back. Quickly, he hit her under the breast, staggering her against the far wall—happy that even hating couldn't make him lose control and punch her too hard—feeling the sting of nausea leave his throat as he shifted to her again, smiling at the terrified way she pressed into the wall, watching him as an arched cat watches a crazy horse, trying to talk. . .

Her harsh breathing calmed a little and he whispered, "Come on, lady, I won't mark you up," and lowered his arm to hit her other side as she edged from the wall—then frowned when she giggled softly and leaped at him, smacking his mouth and eyes, biting him as he tried to push her away. He prayed to God she didn't scream, "Rape!" as buttons tore from her dress. She choked her arms around his neck and bit his lips and cheek, moaning when he squeezed her soft stomach until she released him. He jumped back, though he wanted to squeeze her again and have the puppy nibbling of her mouth on his face because it was never this way with Penny—swelled all over instead of swelled in just one place. "Look, lady—" he said, but quieted when she rushed to the wall and snapped off the lights. He stood in the dark, listening to her movements, hearing clothes-tearing sounds as he strained to see where she was; flinching when she said, "You don't know yourself, Matthew," and he shook his head to say the hating was out of him and he didn't mean to hit her.

"Take your clothes off, Matthew," she said, and reflexively he opened his shirt buttons but stopped when he felt her move against him. Her skin was bare and he didn't stop her when she knelt and untied his shoes and pulled them off, whispering, "Is every bit of you so large?" And because he had never been so excited all over and twirly in his head, her voice pushed him to anger again and he reached down and pulled her hair until she whimpered with pain and was standing; hating her for saying his feet were large to make him seem animal-big and stupid. He yelled, "You stink! . . ." and shoved her away as she yelled back, "I'll teach you what you want, Matthew, I'll help you to be fancy," and reflexively again, he pulled off his jacket, telling himself, she means it, there's no sound of lying in her voice—certain now that he must finish playing this crazy game and not run home or he would always be afraid of high-class, like people who almost drown and for all their life are afraid of water if they don't go back swimming after they almost drown. He pulled apart the unopened buttons of his shirt . . . She bit his shoulder and whispered sounds and a warmth surged through his sensation of being excited all over and he wanted to stroke the bruises on her body and mumble he was sorry he hurt her, but the backs of his legs bumped against the large divan, toppling them onto the soft cushions and he knew he couldn't be

like he wanted to be—purring in his heart like a kitten purrs, and cuddly. On the dark roof with Penny, he never cared to hurt her and only cared to say kid-sissy words and feel like his belly was filled with sweet syrup—but here he cursed . . . and smacked her flesh, hard, because she would laugh at him if he didn't tumble her the best tumble she ever had. "Matthew, Matthew," she hummed and he tensed to keep from shivering when she kissed his palm and her flesh felt meltily embraced over his—thinking that doing it with her was like doing a test in the schoolroom only in school you got left back if you flunked and here you were laughed at and maybe never given another chance to learn high-class ways—so he swatted her hard, pretending anger as he said, "You gotta sew the buttons on my shirt, you lousy bitch!" and she trembled against him, digging her fingers into his thighs, sobbing, "I will, I will, Matthew," and he hit her again and squeezed his voice to sound vicious, saying, "Stinkin' fancy bitch," and kept laughing the nastiest laugh he could laugh because it didn't matter if she was higher than him—because now he was boss over her.

She was asleep beside him and if he let himself, he could sleep too. But he lay still, listening to the hush of her breathing, enjoying the warmth of her thigh resting on his leg; thinking of Penny and imagining her face to be on the black ceiling above him—telling her that he had forced unfair rules on his life—that he was too young to be faithful to a girl and by being stupidly faithful, false to himself. There were kid rules and man rules and now that he was more man than kid, he had to put aside his kid rules or stop himself from becoming a full man.

Explaining to Penny's face imagined on the ceiling that there were bigger and more important ways to feel for a girl than just having the hots and wanting to send her sweet poems. It was as Beth had told him when they talked a little while, before she slept. "The difference between us, Matthew, isn't that I'm rich and you're poor. The difference is in the number of languages, or ways of expression, we have. If something upsets you, you speak through the language of violence, or you work hard at training to ease the pressure, or you use the language of what we've just done. When I'm upset, I go to the theater or read a book. I might call up some friends or go to a party and drink. I'll buy a new dress, listen to the radio, and so on. I have many complicated ways of speaking and you have only a few primitive or limited ways, I'm not better than you are, Matthew, or more sensitive or intelligent. I'm just more civilized. You pay for keeping your limitations with ignorance and I pay for my civilization with neurosis. High-class means having more languages with which to express yourself, nothing else." Matt nodded to the face of Penny he had placed on the ceiling, whispering, "Neurosis is having a bellyache in your feelings. She explained it to me." He grinned and winked at Penny's face, then inched his leg from under Beth's thigh. . .

He wanted to reach above him and snap on the light and study her body to know exactly what a woman was. Pinch her skin gently between his fingers and become familiar with the texture of her flesh; see himself lying

*(turn to page 62)*



## miss dude's starlit week



Here's that lucky bronze and white Ford Thunderbird that sleekly swept her through her week of after-dark excitement.



Laura proves she's a good listener at the swank Red Carpet. Beginning left: Fred Klein, publisher of Dude, Jean Bennet and host Fred Jacobs.

Who was it said the other fellow's pasture is always greener? Like most old saws, this one proved wrong, for 23-year-old, Los Angeles-born Laura Raymond, Dude's July pick of the crop, was living only a few blocks from our office. Our judges could easily have stood on the roof and blown her folded *billets doux*.

The niece of famed sportscaster Ben Grauer, Laura is our idea of silk and satin continentalism woven with some good old American homespun. An aspiring movie actress, she's already got a long list of acting credits in her scrapbook, from the Santa Monica Theatre Guild to TV announcing in NY. Diversified, quick, intelligent, she loves French poodles, oil painting, tennis, the classics, and Latin dancing. Her smile comes easily. So did ours, when we met her.



Here's Andy Anderson, owner of the very chic Polonaise, telling Laura that it's just that touch of wine that does it to a *souffle d'anvers*. Laura's at the skillet wearing Milanese lace chef's hat and apron. She can cook, too!

It was hard to tell where her thoughts were when she listened to flamenco guitarist Ernest San Miguel at the Living Room. San Miguel looked at her swimming eyes and dedicated every song to her. Blame him?







"And there she was, only a few blocks away!" Jim Holmes, Editor of the Dude and Sid Schulman, host at Manhattan's Bird n' Glass. In the usual order—of enchantment.



No, it's not always diamonds that wins fair lady. The royal treat for our reigning queen was an Empress Chinchilla stole from famed furrier Milton C. Herman. And wouldn't it be lovely? All together now . . . just lovely.



Peter, maitre d' at the elegant Café Rouge, listened as Laura proved she knew her music when she chatted with orchestra leader Ray McKinley.



She had a hard time selecting her dinner at Freeman Chum's Chinese Restaurant. Press Agent Jim Goltz helped, as Freeman Chum himself gave expert advice.



Herbert Stollerman, owner of the plush Villa Marie, did the honors as some of Laura's witticisms brought laughs to agent Les Edelman (far left) and Fred Klein (far right).











*of what is past,  
passing,  
and to come*

*Not since Marlene's airy Las Vegas creation have the eyebrows of filmland been swung to the ionosphere. It happened when Vicki Dougan, former New York fashion model, now under contract to Batjac (John Wayne's company), appeared at the annual Golden Globe Awards dinner of the Foreign Press Association. Guest list, 2,000. Pandemonium broke loose when Vicki ankled to the platform in a dress that reversed the famous plunge of Christian Dior. Her phone got busy the next day. One of the film offers was from famed Elia Kazan. We quote columnist Kendis Rochlin: "Jayne Mansfield busted into the movie world, Vikki Dougan is backing into it!"*



Monique van Vooren cracks:  
"Darling—has this been  
cleared in the front office?"







# DUDE SETS UP WITH "THE BACHELOR PARTY"

Full strike again  
for the Shakespeare  
of the Bronx  
in this up-coming flic  
of the young and the loving

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM READ WOODFIELD/GLOBE



*"what's this bit I hear about paddy chayefsky doing greenwich village?"*

someone at the office yelled the other day. "I thought his beat was the Bronx?" So had we, until someone on location with the film called up and asked us if we wanted to watch it being shot. "Is it true?" we had asked. "Yep," came the reply. "All about a guy's last whoopitall before two-stepping it to the altar." Still incredulous, some of us hopped it downtown to the Village, to see *Our Boy* ("Marty," "The Catered Affair," "Middle of the Night") make with that kind of reality you find at the foreign films.

Naturally, we ran into Mervyn, our office boy. "Didn't you report sick?" we asked. "Can't a guy feel better?" Mervyn pleaded. "OK, OK, but there's nothing here for you. It's full of Existentialism." What's that? Mervyn, all-wrinkled brow. We told him. Mervyn turned to go. But just then . . .





... the girl swayed by. "Who's she?" Mervyn warned. "The Existentialist," someone muttered. Mervyn turned a hurt look on us, then chortled, "Swedenborg and Sartre? Where can you buy ...?" The director cut him off with a "Quiet!" and the cameras followed The Existentialist and The Hero up a flight of stairs from the party, to a second-floor room. She turned and murmured, "Are you going to assault me?" and then, later, on the top step, "Just say you love me. Just say you love me. You don't have to mean it."

In the early a.m., still with the cameras, we found ourselves at an Eighth Street bar, and set our sights on a stripper who had done her act too often (we're not, mind you, blasé—just spoiled). Later, we lensed past the pickup scene, and offered a lift to one of the brangled fallen (that chair came out of nowhere).

We made it, but well past morning coffee break, the next day. Our boss took one look at our eyes and growled. "Chayefsky's o.k.?" "Chayefsky's o.k." we breathed. Mervyn was silent as an auk behind his copy of Jean Paul Sartre's *The Age of Reason*.





*slavery can be beautiful*

*A little fable about a little man—  
who found his destiny too big for him*



ILLUSTRATED BY IRV DOCKETT

*fiction . . .* **GEORGE BALLOU**



It is a peaceful day on the decks of an American passenger ship, homeward bound. The sun is bright and the sky a rotund blue and the sea a dancing blue-green. Passengers are sprawled around on the deck, sunning. Young women are playing shuffleboard and others are chatting and laughing with young men met on board. Nowhere else on earth are male and female trapped in the same floating room for a week or so, and most lose no time in making friends.

But there is an exception. A young man with a drawn haggard face lies in a deck chair like one of the old folks, and eyes the women with a sneer of disdain. He converses with no one and continually looks out to sea, his gaze turning back toward where he just came from, a look of confused consternation on his face.

For six years Kenneth Bradley had worked as an insurance salesman on the outskirts of New York City. Though he had hardly advanced, since the first day he began peddling reasons why you might get sick or die tomorrow, or robbers would take your most beloved possessions, he envisioned himself as rising through the ranks and eventually achieving his dream: two of the best cars, a country house, people depending on him, and of course, beautiful women. Mainly beautiful women.

During those six years he had saved up a sizable sum to be used when the deal came along. Just what it would be he never knew, but he had an ingrained belief that fate was on his side, and suddenly, magically, fate would smile at him and beckon to him, its arms loaded with executive positions and cars and country houses, and its fingers clutching wondrously beautiful women.

He habitually read those publications that seemed commensurate with his immediate needs and mainly, with his future status. He would arrive home in the evening and put an "executive cigar" in his mouth (he was a bachelor and usually lived alone), pull on his "executive slippers" and then open the pages of an "executive publication."

On this occasion he returned home after an exhausting day of going to the most outlandish places, and getting few bids for insurance. And he was peevish, mainly because a pretty would-be customer, obviously somebody's young wife, had brusquely snapped "I don't want anything!" He had replied, "Sure you don't?" and unlike his usual self and contrary to all the rules he had actually inserted his foot in the doorway. The door slammed shut, and after examining his bruised toe he had cursed, right on the doorstep. Now he pulled on his "executive slippers" with more than usual tenderness.

This evening he opened the first page of the *Wall Street Journal*, which he regularly read for tips on how to earn more, keep what he had, lose less, and in general, remain well informed on the economic lay of the land. He scanned the table of contents and saw: "The Slave Trade." Hmmm, sounds odd, he thought, and he flipped to the right page and began reading.

Amazing, he told himself. The article said that the Arabian peninsula was the focal point for an increasing slave trade. Increasing oil royalties accruing to Arabian royalty were causing the prices to rise. Hm . . . Almost half a million people were said to be in slavery on the Arabian peninsula, mostly Africans. Many were tricked into slavery by being encouraged and helped to make the

pilgrimage to Mecca, the Moslem Holy City, and then by one ruse or another they were enslaved. The UN and anti-slavery groups were showing concern over this problem. Oddly enough few slaves tried to escape, as they were generally well-fed and tended as valuable merchandise, although cases of flogging, mutilation and even execution were not unknown. One report by an American missionary stated that plantation slaves had been seen who were well-fed and contented, while "some needed treatment for obesity."

As Kenneth Bradley read on he suddenly became aware that he was fascinated by an unholy something he couldn't name.

He read that in 1935, girls under fifteen cost between 550 dollars and 1,100 dollars (he was shocked to find his mind darting to his bank account), men under forty cost about 400 dollars, and "old women were worth only 105 dollars." The latter fact he nearly skipped.

On reading "2000 dollars as the price tag put on a fourteen year-old white Bedouin girl," he lay down the magazine and envisioned the girl. That over, he saw himself as a slave magnate, bringing modern industrial methods into a sloppy, haphazardly-run business. Why should he go on peddling insurance? With his background he would be only too happy to introduce Arabia to an Enlightened Slavery. Although he knew that the slave business meant dealing in men, women and children, he felt more inclined to think of the women. Now how much did he have in the bank?

His briefcase, full of insurance papers, lay beside the chair. He gave it a kick and then went to the bookshelf and took out his atlas and opened it to Saudi Arabia, meanwhile recalling all the cartoons he'd seen of harems, the movies with a desert background, and "Come with me to the Casbah." His slaves would get a square deal: in fact they'd all come running to him.

It's not hard to guess what happened. He withdrew every cent he had in the bank, told his boss, "I have to get away from it all. I'm going to Florida for a while," and was soon on a plane. And not too long afterwards he stepped out onto the dry surface of Saudi Arabia.

Wow! Was it hot!

After visiting several Arabian cities, he decided to make the coastal city of Jidda, near Mecca, his headquarters. Before he settled down to business, he gave a few days to walking around the city and burying himself in the local bazaars, smells, tasting the exotic food and hearing the exotic music and picking up a few words of Arabic—a very few words because languages had never been his forte.

The details of what next happened cannot be cited because certain parties would undoubtedly draw knives. In any case he met a man who introduced him to another man, ostensibly a good citizen of Jidda, and not long after he was led to a morbidly sombre room near the center of the city. As to the sex of his first slave, it was female, because, he reasoned, it was more important to start the business with sympathetic slaves and then, later, he would begin buying and selling male slaves.

Just before he entered the room he was told the price, and though it then seemed very high and he felt he was being cheated, the moment he saw the white Bedouin  
(turn to page 45)





*"At last! A human face!"*



girl, twenty year-old Aisha, he felt the vendor was the one who was being cheated.

There she stood, wearing the traditional robes. Without so much as asking "May I?" the vendor lifted her robes and patted her flanks, her breasts as well, and indicated that Kenneth should do likewise so he would know he was getting a bargain. Aisha smiled, whether she felt it or not, he wasn't sure, but he suddenly believed she was failing in love with him, because she sensed that he was a gentler sort than those around her. She was of medium height, with a pretty face, firm full hips, large strong breasts and, strangely enough, small hands and delicate fingers. He grasped her hand and she said something that was translated by the vendor as meaning, "You will make a good master."

You're damn right I will, he thought to himself.

He took her home and gave her a spacious room near his own, for he had rented a sizable house. His plan was to stockpile his slaves, meanwhile making contacts, and then when he had enough, to begin selling them at a profit. And through trial and error he would eventually arrive.

But somehow he couldn't think of Aisha as a slave, at least not in the usual sense. That evening he entered her room and found her sitting on the low bed wearing the gown he had given her. It was turning dusk and he went and sat beside her but didn't know what to say. She took his hand and babbled something that sounded suspiciously friendly, and then she stroked his face and patted his light hair. Ahah, he told himself, my light hair is a novelty. Her dark eyes looked directly into his, and then turned down, as if ashamed. He wondered where she came from and how she had been taken but he couldn't ask her and was in no mood to have an interpreter between them, at least for the moment.

Though outside it was getting cool after a very hot day, he didn't feel cool and then suddenly, unable to check himself, he seized Aisha and kissed her face and her mouth and she kissed him and he was sure she loved him and he whispered, "My little slavelet, my little Aisha," and he saw her smile. I'll bet nobody else ever treated her this decently, he told himself. He looked at her in the gloom, shook his head and embraced her. She said little things he didn't understand but he understood the feeling. He gave her mouth a long rich kiss and caressed her neck and like two soft trees with soft full branches they embraced in the moonlight that paled in through the window. He learned that she knew what he knew of love, and that here so far from home only few things varied and these made him love her all the more. When her warm damp mouth loved him he felt almost sick with passion, and then he kissed her hair and lips and they held one another so hard she gave a cry and moved, and then loved again.

All night they loved and then late into the following morning, and then again in the afternoon and that night and late the following morning. And he grew tired, but he had never known anyone like little Aisha, his little Aisha, and he began to repeat some of the words she said, and she giggled, and whenever she giggled he had to love her and there was no end to it.

Some days later, for he was here on business not pleasure, he purchased a second slave named Lalla. The same

man sold her in the same place for the same price, and when she said something the vendor translated it as meaning, "You will make a good master."

Lalla was slimmer than his slave Aisha, and, to his surprise, had light grey eyes and brownish hair and was likewise a white Bedouin girl. The go-between spoke a miserable English and trilled his r's like a Spaniard, and when Kenneth asked as to exactly how she came from where, the response was a mute stare in the opposite direction and the words, "It verrry harrrd to say. But she good gorrrl."

He took Lalla home and installed her on the other side of his room, and then introduced her to Aisha, his principle being, Harmony Among Slaves And Between Slaves and Master.

That evening he went to Lalla's room. She was very unlike Aisha and the moment he entered she hurried up to him but when he reached out to her, withdrew. A real coquette, he thought to himself. She was said to be twenty-one, and though this was quite old, she delighted him with her grey eyes, brownish hair and slim but ample figure. He sensed that perhaps she wasn't quite a virgin but he couldn't ask her.

After her first antics he tried to catch her but she laughed and he literally had to chase her around the room. This is ridiculous, she's my slave, he told himself. Slave? Enlightened slave, now let's get down to business. He firmly called her by name but she laughed again—he believed she was taking advantage of his being a naive foreigner—and then she suddenly threw off her gown and ran to him and hugged him as he'd never been hugged before. If previously he had felt tired Lalla gave him an astounding feeling of freshness. Then she teased him, and when he sought her she was suddenly everywhere, laughing almost silently and saying things he didn't understand. Then, abruptly, they got down to serious business and her antics ceased and they loved serenely, smoothly, her eyes closed.

All that night and the next morning too and that afternoon. But that evening he returned to Aisha because he felt sorry for her all alone there in the room, and they loved again and again. But he was getting sort of tired and rings were appearing under his eyes, but he always told himself, business before pleasure, and he wouldn't dream of letting either of them down, because whatever he had or hadn't he had a conscience.

Some days later he told himself he must build up his stock of slaves, and again he went to that morbidly sombre room, and the man with the mustache and high red hat with the tassel, was waiting for him.

This time he bought another white Bedouin girl, who was a well-developed girl. Though she tried to smile he saw she had been crying. She cost more than either Aisha or Lalla, and it took a big bite from his diminishing capital, and he knew that soon he would have to start selling at a profit. Whom would he sell first? Leave that till later, he thought, and he took Fatima home with him.

He gave her a room not too far from his own, and that evening went to her. "Poor kid, don't be sad, I'll take good care of you," and when she began to cry he did his best to kiss the tears away. She was rather small and rather plump and rather olive-skinned, with heavy dark

(turn over)





*"Get the hell out of here."*

hair that reached way way down and delicate arms and hands and feet. She had rubbed her whole body with a fragrant oily perfume, and the room literally sang of her body. He kissed her and she immediately sniffled and then wept so loudly he feared the neighbors—Aisha and Lalla—would hear. Though he was beginning to feel exhausted, having done his best to take enlightened care of Aisha and Lalla, he willingly sacrificed himself for Fatima's sake. Though she moaned a little more, she was soon quiet as he loved her to forgetfulness, and not long after—at midnight as they relaxed—she went to him and he kissed her soft moist lips and felt he loved her most of all, though he felt this whenever he was with any of the three.

That night till four in the morning, the next morning, that afternoon and that night again. But he couldn't desert

the others, and he didn't, and his decency continued for a month.

At the end of a month he was so weak he could hardly crawl from his room to their rooms, and finally, in a wild anger, his eyes ringed with blackish circles and his walk stooped like an old man's and his voice cut by jolting gasps, he gave all three their freedom and with his meagre remaining capital set sail for home.

And there he reclines in the chair on the deck of the homeward bound passenger ship, wondering if they'll take him back at his old job, and wondering if ever again he'll have an interest in the opposite sex. A pretty young woman in shorts and a white tennis shirt sits nearby and looks at the sea, and he wrinkles his face and turns away.







PHOTOGRAPHY/FRANCE



## ANNE FLEMING

### *midsummer's dream*

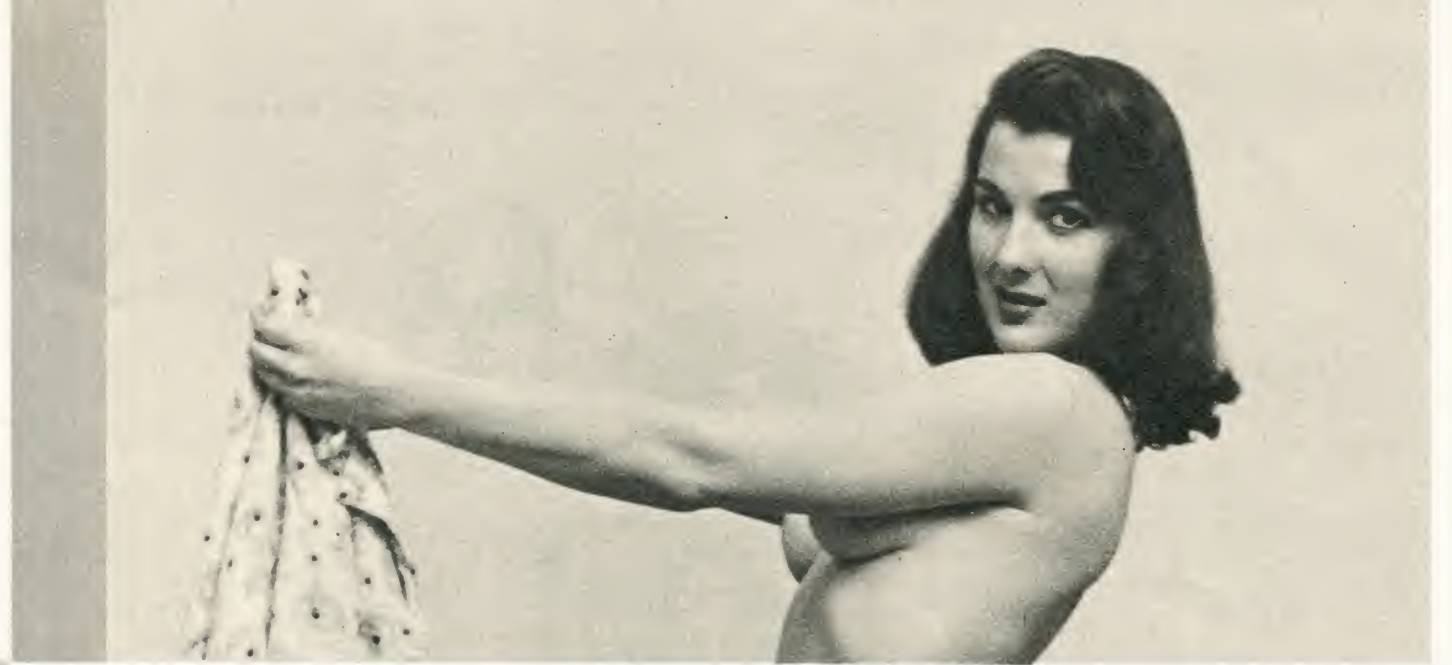
*Many is the mischief the girl of such starry, simmery, pixieish looks can do. Which reminds us: we're somewhere around Midsummer's Eve. And, according to an old legend you take a walk in the forest and, if you are fortunate enough to find a perfect circle of mushrooms, you hop in its center, count to three . . . And, says the legend, all the little people will grant your wish.*

*One . . . two . . . It works!*





But—yep, the catch—your elf is guaranteed protection by every darn gnome, goblin and leprechaun in the business. And they're misery's wizards if you get out of line!







*the marriage game*

*A great American sage discourses on a great American folk ritual*

I have said that women are not sentimental, *i.e.*, not prone to permit mere emotion and illusion to corrupt their estimation of a situation. The doctrine, perhaps, will raise a protest. The theory that they are is itself a favorite sentimentality; one sentimentality will be brought up to substantiate another; dog will eat dog. But an appeal to a few obvious facts will be enough to sustain my contention, despite the vast accumulation of romantic rubbish to the contrary.

Turn, for example, to the field in which the two sexes come most constantly into conflict, and in which, as a result, their habits of mind are most clearly contrasted—to the field, to wit, of monogamous marriage. Surely no long argument is needed to demonstrate the superior competence and effectiveness of women here, and therewith their greater self-possession, their saner weighing of considerations, their higher power of resisting emotional suggestion. The very fact that marriages occur at all is a proof, indeed, that they are more cool-headed than men, and more adept in employing their intellectual resources, for it is plainly to a man's interest to avoid marriage as long as possible, and as plainly to a woman's interest to make a favourable marriage as soon as she can. The efforts of the two sexes are thus directed, in one of the capital concerns of life, to diametrically antagonistic ends. Which side commonly prevails? I leave the verdict to the jury. All normal men fight the thing off; some men are successful for relatively long periods; a few extraordinarily intelligent and courageous men (or perhaps lucky ones) escape altogether. But, taking one generation with another, as every one knows, the average man is duly married and the average woman gets a husband. Thus the great majority of women, in this clear-cut and endless conflict, make manifest their substantial superiority to the great majority of men.

Not many men, worthy of the name, gain anything of net value by marriage, at least as the institution is now met with in Christendom. Even assessing its benefits at their most inflated worth, they are plainly overborne by crushing disadvantages. When a man marries it is no more than a sign that the feminine talent for persuasion and intimidation—*i.e.*, the feminine talent for survival in a world of clashing concepts and desires, the feminine competence and intelligence—has forced him into a more or less abhorrent compromise with his own honest inclina-

tions and best interests. Whether that compromise be a sign of his relative stupidity or of his relative cowardice it is all one: the two things, in their symptoms and effects, are almost identical. In the first case he marries, because he has been clearly bowled over in a combat of wits; in the second he resigns himself to marriage as the safest form of liaison. In both cases his inherent sentimentality is the chief weapon in the hand of his opponent. It makes him cherish the fiction of his enterprise, and even of his daring, in the midst of the most crude and obvious operations against him. It makes him accept as real the bold play-acting that women always excel at, and at no time more than when stalking a man. It makes him, above all, see a glamour of romance in a transaction which, even at its best, contains almost as much gross trafficking, at bottom, as the sale of a mule.

A man in full possession of the modest faculties that nature commonly apportions to him is at least far enough above idiocy to realize that marriage is a bargain in which he gets the worse of it, even when, in some details or other, he makes a visible gain. He never, I believe, wants *all* that the thing offers and implies. He wants, at most, no more than certain parts. He may desire, let us say, a housekeeper to protect his goods and entertain his friends—but he may shrink from the thought of sharing his bathtub with any one, and home cooking may be downright poisonous to him. He may yearn for a son to pray at his tomb—and yet suffer acutely at the mere approach of relatives-in-law. He may dream of a beautiful and complaisant mistress, less exigent and mercurial than any a bachelor may hope to discover—and stand aghast at admitting her to his bank-book, his family-tree and his secret ambitions. He may want company and not intimacy, or intimacy and not company. He may want a cook and not a partner in his business, or a partner in his business and not a cook. But in order to get the precise thing or things that he wants, he has to take a lot of other things that he doesn't want—and it is to the enterprise of forcing him into this almost Armenian bargain that the woman of his "choice" addresses herself. Once the game is fairly set, she searches out his weaknesses with the utmost delicacy and accuracy, and plays upon them with all her superior resources. He carries a handicap from the start. His sentimental and unintelligent belief in theories

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ILLUSTRATED BY BILL HOFMANN

In which everyone's favorite sexurbanite

becomes suspected of un-American activities

The inspector was seated behind the desk when Miss Larson entered the office with a disturbingly seductive walk. The inspector stood politely and gestured her to a chair.

"Good morning, Miss Larson," the inspector said, noticing the long smooth legs and the two probing points of her sweater.

"Good morning, Mr. Madison. You wanted to see me?"

"I have a job for you."

"Yes?" Seductively.

"I won't waste time. We have a file on an Eric Mott, who has recently been picked up and brought back to the United States. He was involved in a plane crash in South America. Our agents have learned that while Mott was in South America, he caused a lot of talk about the Hydrogen Bomb. Well . . . this Mott has never shown any signs of being subversive, in fact, he's generally regarded as a harmless, very wealthy, rather eccentric character. A couple of psychiatrists believe he's nuts. But others disagree, so that leaves us noplacé. However, some of the best enemy agents are people you would never consider. While he was in South America, Mott got a large tribe all steamed up about something concerning the Hydrogen Bomb.

"In addition to that, we have traced him to New York, Texas, Hollywood . . . and at each place in the last six months he has discussed the Hydrogen Bomb, and in every case, a woman was involved."

"That's why you called on me?"

"Exactly. Now we don't think Mott knows anything about the Hydrogen Bomb. In fact, we aren't certain he knows anything about anything. But he may have contacts that do. Always, Miss Larson, the women involved were beautiful women, women who might be instrumental in securing information by their association with certain people who *do* know about our Hydrogen Bomb tests. Therefore, we want you to try to become involved with Mott and find out what he's up to. We want you to get to know him. Being as . . . well, as attractive as you are, we think you can do the job for us."

Miss Larson blinked her lashes demurely.

"If you can draw him out . . . I needn't tell you that for our security we must always be on the alert."

(turn to page 54)

fiction . . . BOB BRISTOW

## ERIC MOTT AND THE G-LADY



"I'll do the best I can," Miss Larson said huskily.

"Fine. I've had all the information drawn up for you. You study it over. Then we will send you to Florida. Mott is staying in a cabin near Panama City. The information we have is that he is resting up. He lost considerable weight while he was in South America. Perhaps because of the tension. We don't know. But we've arranged for you to take the cabin next to his. It's right on the beach. We've selected a wardrobe for you. Everything is ready. But be careful. Don't tip him off. Just try to get close to him, feel him out. And don't worry. We will have an agent nearby."

"Very well. When do I leave?"

"Just as soon as you can get ready. And Miss Larson . . . get close to him. He works with beautiful women."

"I'll do my best."

"Goodbye, Miss Larson. Good luck."

"Thank you, sir."

Eric lay on the sand soaking up the sun, a bottle of gin and a box of vitamin pills at his side. He was gaining strength rapidly. Actually he had been thinking, somewhat wistfully, about the lovely native girl he had named Boobs. The Gulf breeze was cool and refreshing, the sound of the breakers quite relaxing. He smiled faintly.

"Hello."

Eric jumped involuntarily, opening his eyes to see a tall, nicely-tanned woman standing over him. She wore a flesh-colored Bikini from which bulged two disturbingly-shaped breasts at the top and two equally disturbing cheeks at the bottom. She smiled, displaying a rich mouth and challenging light blue eyes.

"Egad," he said, groping for his gin and vitamins. She leaned over him and Eric held his breath. She sat down beside him, somewhat easing the force of gravity, and shrugged her shoulders. "That was close," Eric said.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Nothing. I just was afraid one of your . . . ha ha. Nothing."

"I'm Pat Larson," she said. "I took the cabin next to yours. I saw you come down, so I thought I'd show myself."

"Rather efficiently, too," Eric said. "Care for a gin and vitamin?"

She laughed gaily. Eric was not aware he had been amusing, but he returned her laugh, poured some gin in a glass, dropped in a vitamin capsule and offered it to her.

"Oh no . . . thank you."

Eric nodded, tipped the glass and managed to swallow the floating vitamin. "Can't swallow them any other way," he said. "Usually you put the pill in your mouth, you know. Then you wash it down. It never works with me. Are you sure you wouldn't . . . ?"

"Oh no . . . not right now." Miss Larson rolled over on her stomach, again causing the gravitational pull against the Bikini top and also exposing the nicely rounded cheeks. "I was afraid I'd be alone. I'm on vacation and I always come to the beach. I'm certainly glad," she said squinting her eyes seductively, "that someone is near. I worry when I am alone." Eric could see why, quite clearly.

Eric nodded, but he noticed that Miss Larson's Bikini strap had stretched loose and propped up on her elbows as if she were . . .

"Miss Larson," Eric said politely, "one of your breasts has fallen out."

Her face, he noticed, became rather strained and she covered herself quickly. "Oh . . . I'm embarrassed."

"Think nothing of it," Eric assured. "Gin?"

"No . . ."

"Ummmmm. You said you were on vacation?"

"Yes. I'm a secretary. I always come here."

"I'll bet you are just a dandy secretary."

"I do my best," she said suggestively. "But being a secretary to a nuclear physicist isn't very exciting."

"Nuclear physics?" Eric asked.

"Oh yes." Indifferently.

"I'm sort of a scientist myself. Ha ha."

"Oh really? What kind of a scientist?"

"Well . . . it really isn't exactly a science. I call it the Hydrogen Bomb. But it's . . ."

"The what?"

"Hydrogen Bomb. It's what I call a new way of . . ."

"Oh . . . I know. But that's awfully secret, isn't it?"

"I try to keep it a secret. I mean, after all my idea is different."

"Yes. Certainly. Different idea. Yes."

"I've only shown a few people."

"You *have* shown a few people?"

"Well . . . I can't very well do it alone. Ha ha. Do it alone. Isn't that amusing?"

"Ha ha. Yes."

"It's falling out again, Miss Larson."

She gasped and pulled at her Bikini top.

"You made it in time then," Eric laughed gaily.

She ignored the remark. "I've always been interested in scientific things like the Hydrogen Bomb. But that sort of thing is not for my ears, I suppose."

Eric laughed. "No, you're certainly right. It's not for your ears at all."

"Perhaps," she said, "we shouldn't discuss it."

"Not if your Bikini strap keeps slipping. That might get me involved. I'm trying to rest up a bit."

Miss Larson smiled a very knowing smile. "I believe I will have a glass of gin, Mr. Mott."

"And a vitamin?" Eric asked.

"No . . . just the gin will do. But I really shouldn't drink gin. It makes me wild as a March hare."

"A March what?"

"Hare."

Eric laughed and noticed the Bikini strap slip again, but Miss Larson laughed and ignored it. Eric shrugged, poured the gin in the glass and handed it to her. She drank it quickly.

"Has a delightful burn to it, doesn't it?"

"Yes." Gasping.

"Care for another?"

"Why not?" Miss Larson said bravely. "But I'm warning you that what you hear about man-hungry secretaries might be true."

Eric poured a stiff drink in the glass and handed it to Miss Larson. She took a deep breath and drank it.

"Wooooooo!" she said.

"Makes you feel warm all over, doesn't it?"





*"You can say that again!"*

"It certainly does. Ummmmmmmmmmmm."

Eric admired Miss Larson in the fading sunlight, helped himself to a gin-and-vitamin and decided he was feeling much stronger than he had suspected. He leaned back and closed his eyes and was quite surprised to feel Miss Larson pressing herself upon him. She kissed him fiercely, then drew away.

"Oh . . . I shouldn't have done that," she said.

"Think nothing of it," Eric assured, "probably just the gin."

"I want another."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I feel so warm, so light. And you are such an interesting man."

"I am?"

"Oh yes."

Eric poured a smaller shot of gin and handed it to Miss Larson, who drank it, he noticed, without making a face at all. "You keep that up and we'll end up with the Hydrogen Bomb."

Miss Larson laughed giddily. "You couldn't tell me about it?"

"Tell it to you? I may even show it to you if . . ."  
"Show it to me?"

"Yes . . . you see, I was going to tell you that it really is just a new method to . . ."

"You mean you could show it to me?"

"Well, I could. But I doubt if you'd really be interested."

"But I am."

"No . . . you don't know what you have to do. You don't understand that. . ."

"I don't mind what I have to do. Really. I was only afraid you didn't feel like you could show it to me."

"For a while there," Eric smiled, "I *didn't* feel like it. But now . . . if you'll cooperate. . ."

"I'll cooperate." Quickly.

"I've shown it to others. Why not you?" Eric reasoned.

"I'm just fascinated," Miss Larson said.

"Let's go to my cabin."

Eric stood and helped Miss Larson to her feet, noticing that she was a bit unsteady. Unsteady, perhaps, but very cooperative.

*(turn to page 60)*





## SPIRITO D'ITALIA

all things to all eyes  
camera by Bert Owen  
on a ragazza of Rome

*A good camera, closing in on a quick-spirited girl, can catch the faintest eye-lash quiver of her pulse. It can register the gamut of her emotions with hard work, patience, understanding and tact. Here, the woman of Rome travels the book of her heart, beginning with a high-fashion shot of the whisper of her smile from rain-drenched leaves and a full, conventional, closing of the shutter on the girl-of-everyone's dreams. The film moves on.*

The head and shoulders of a new Magnani







*Slowly, little one. Now this way. Now that. Directions. Suggestions. One shot. Two.  
A hundred. More. This girl has a thousand moods, an uncountable number of poses.  
But, finally, exhausted, she turns to him. "Hey. It's late. I'm hungry and I'm tired.  
Let's quit."  
She's getting angry. Watch out!  
And there it is. The last focus of the lens. The finest.*



## ERIC MOTT AND THE G-LADY

(continued from page 55)

Miss Larson held Eric's arm very tightly as they walked to the cabin. When they entered, Eric noticed Miss Larson peering about the cabin curiously.

"Here?" she asked.

"I thought we'd have a drink first."

"I'd love it," she giggled.

The Bikini was now hardly more than a wrinkled handkerchief and two very loose cone-shaped parachutes. Miss Larson was escaping from both. Eric handed her a drink and began to sip his own.

"You have it all drawn up?"

"Certainly. I've had it down on paper, for a long time."

"Really?"

"It's not the kind of thing one would like to forget, you know."

"No, of course."

Miss Larson was somewhat tipsy and Eric noticed she was having some difficulty trying to remain alert. When they finished the drinks, Eric moved across the room and kissed her for a long moment. She responded, he thought, elegantly.

"Let's go in here," Eric suggested, nodding toward the sleeping quarters.

"In there?"

"Yes . . . where else?"

"But the plans?"

"I'll show them to you afterwards. They're really secondary now."

For a long moment Miss Larson hesitated. "If we don't go in there, I can't see the plans?" she asked.

"There wouldn't be much reason."

She deliberated as though she were weighing great problems.

"Miss Larson. . . I can't do a thing if you don't co-operate. Oh, perhaps I was wrong. Maybe we'd best. . ."

"No. No, no."

"No what?"

"Of course I'll co-operate. We have to take each other into confidence. You *are* shrewd." She winked knowingly and a bit drunkenly and indecision left her face.

The Bikini fell away simply by pulling two knots. Eric found Miss Larson responding magnificently. He whispered in her ear, "Now the way we do this is . . ."

For an instant Miss Larson hesitated. "Would you repeat that?"

Eric laughed. "I knew you'd be surprised. It's a little difficult at first. *There* you go. Now *this* way . . . no . . . relax. Yes . . . now!"

The Hydrogen Bomb came off very well, once Miss Larson was able to adjust to the position.

"Boom!" Eric shouted. Then he heard Miss Larson gasp and she fell limply on the bed.

"Wow!" she said.

"You like it?"

Miss Larson was rubbing her spine, which was not accustomed to that unusual position. "I've never . . . in all my life. I've never seen anything like it."

"That," Eric said proudly, "is the Hydrogen Bomb. I call it that because. . ." Eric noticed a strange expression come over Miss Larson's face.

"That," she said, "is *what*?"

"The Hydrogen Bomb," Eric repeated. "That's what I call it."

Miss Larson closed her eyes for a moment. "The plans," she said. "You talked about the plans."

"Yes. . . I drew it up. Just like we did it."

"That is the Hydrogen Bomb? That is really it?"

"Yes," Eric smiled. "Did you like it?"

Miss Larson groaned. "You must be kidding."

Eric stared blankly.

"This has absolutely nothing to do with a nuclear Hydrogen Bomb," she said.

"Nuclear?" Eric laughed heartily. "You mean you thought I had plans for a . . . What in the world would I be doing with that? I just named this thing the Hydrogen Bomb because . . . well . . . Boom! Don't you see?"

Miss Larson sat up. "I'm beginning to," she said. "Is this new . . . I mean just the two of us?"

"Well," Eric said modestly, "It isn't. I discovered it in New York, and then in Texas and California . . . a few places. I was even lost in South America and there with this whole tribe and all of these native women. You just can't imagine."

Miss Larson smiled knowingly. "And you called it the Hydrogen Bomb?"

"Is something wrong, Miss Larson?"

"Oh no . . . I was just thinking. Could we have another drink?"

"Yes. Certainly."

Eric moved toward the other room. "I have a call to make," she said. "May I use your telephone?"

"Go ahead," Eric said.

Eric secured two glasses and poured the gin. Miss Larson's voice, though soft, reached him.

"This is Pat . . ." she said. "Forget it. It's just a new way to . . . just forget it."

A pause.

"And tell the boss I won't be in for a few days. My vacation, you know."

She hung up the phone and Eric returned with the drinks. Miss Larson smiled appreciatively and sipped her drink.

"What," she asked, "did you do with the vitamins?"

Eric produced the box of vitamins and offered them to her.

"Just drop it in the drink," she said. "We'll call it an Atomic Cocktail."

Eric laughed heartily. "That's good," he said. "That's very clever."

Miss Larson nodded, blinking at the floating vitamin capsule and tipped the glass up high. When she finished, she gestured him close with her finger.

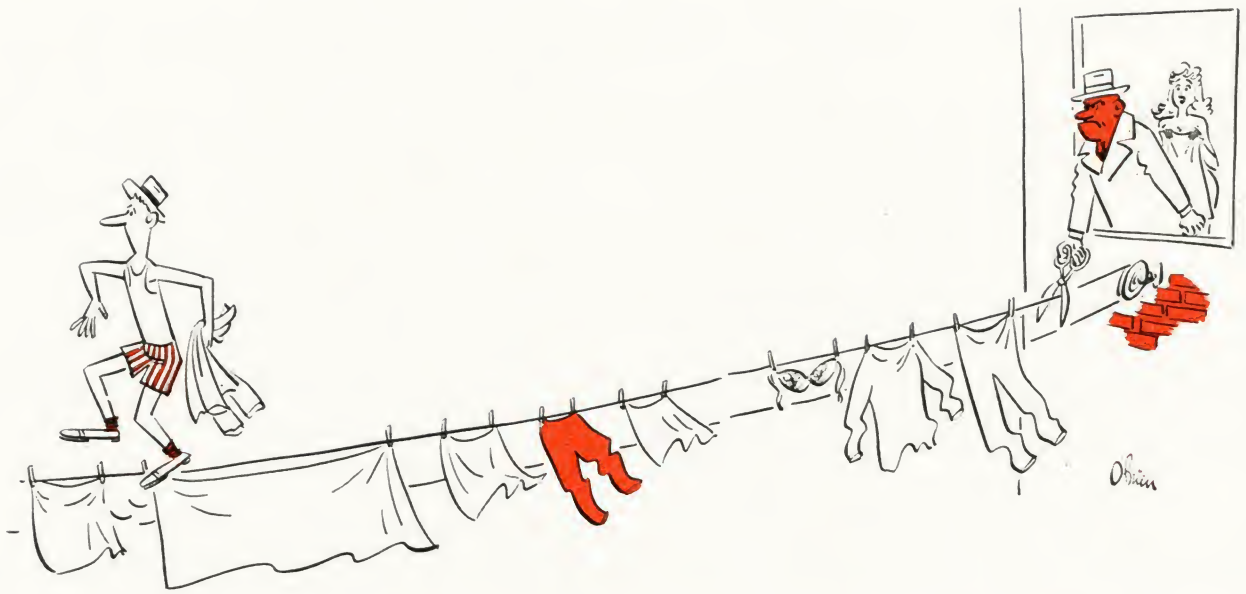
"Mr. Mott," she said breathlessly, "would you like to try for two?"

Eric finished his drink and slipped beside Miss Larson eagerly. In a moment he paused, remembering the South American marathon.

"Something wrong?" Miss Larson said pulling him closer.

"I was wondering," Eric said. "How far can you count?"





## THE MARRIAGE GAME

(continued from page 51)

that she knows quite well are not true—*e.g.*, the theory that she shrinks from him, and is modestly appalled by the banal carnalities of marriage itself—gives her a weapon against him which she drives home with instinctive and compelling art. The moment she discerns this sentimentality bubbling within him—that is, the moment his oafish smirks and eye-rollings signify that he has achieved the intellectual disaster that is called falling in love—he is hers to do with as she will. Save for acts of God, he is forthwith as good as married.

This sentimentality in marriage is seldom, if ever, observed in women. For reasons that we shall examine later, they have much more to gain by the business than men, and so they are prompted by their cooler sagacity to enter upon it on the most favourable terms possible, and with the minimum admixture of disarming emotion. Men almost invariably get their mates by the process called falling in love; save among the aristocracies of the North and Latin men, the marriage of convenience is relatively rare; a hundred men marry "beneath" them to every woman who perpetrates the same folly. And what is meant by this so-called falling in love? What is meant by it is a procedure whereby a man accounts for the fact of his marriage, after feminine initiative and generalship have made it inevitable, by enshrouding it in a purple maze of romance—in brief, by setting up the doctrine that an obviously self-possessed and mammalian woman, engaged deliberately in the most important adventure of her life, and with the keenest understanding of its utmost implications, is a naive, tender, moony and almost disembodied creature, enchanted and made perfect by a passion that has stolen upon her unawares, and which she could not acknowledge, even to herself, without blushing to death. By this preposterous doctrine, the defeat and enslavement of the man is made glorious, and even gifted with a touch of flattering naughtiness. The sheer horsepower of his wooing has assailed and overcome her

maiden modesty; she trembles in his arms; he has been granted a free franchise to work his wicked will upon her. Thus do the ambulant images of God cloak their shackles proudly, and divert the judicious with their boastful shouts.

Women, it is almost needless to point out, are much more cautious about embracing the conventional hocus-pocus of the situation. They never acknowledge that they have fallen in love, as the phrase is, until the man has formally avowed the delusion, and so cut off his retreat: to do otherwise would be to bring down upon their heads the mocking and contumely of all their sisters. With them, falling in love thus appears in the light of an after-thought, or, perhaps more accurately, in the light of a contagion. The theory, it would seem, is that the love of the man, laboriously avowed, has inspired it instantly, and by some unintelligible magic; that it was non-existent until the heat of his own flames set it off. This theory, it must be acknowledged, has a certain element of fact in it. A woman seldom allows herself to be swayed by emotion while the principal business is yet afoot and its issue still in doubt; to do so would be to expose a degree of imbecility that is confined only to the half-wits of the sex. But once the man is definitely committed, she frequently unbends a bit, if only as a relief from the strain of a fixed purpose, and so, throwing off her customary inhibitions, she indulges in the luxury of a more or less forced mawkish sentiment. It is, however, almost unheard of for her to permit herself this relaxation before the sentimental intoxication of the man is assured. To do otherwise—that is, to confess, even *post facto*, to an anterior descent—would expose her, as I have said, to the scorn of all other women. Such a confession would be an admission that emotion had got the better of her at a critical intellectual moment, and in the eyes of women, as in the eyes of the small minority of genuinely intelligent men, no treason to the higher cerebral centres could be more disgraceful.



## THE BUTCHERS' BOY

(continued from page 30)

beside her and understand how a man becomes different when he lies unclothed beside a woman. Matt smiled, remembering how he believed he would always be ashamed to be seen naked by a woman. Afraid that she would giggle mockingly. He wiggled his toes and touched Beth's hair, liking the silky feel, then gently traced his fingers along her arm, telling himself it was a happy time of luck that he had played the phony game and had played it so well. Doing it to girls before had never been as it was with this woman, and he wondered if it was true what his father had once said. "Sometimes you do a new thing, Matt, or just a screwball thing, and you get a special charge from it; but don't get crying in your heart if you do it again and it ain't the same. Nothin's always the same, and mostly, it's always worse." Matt shook his head. It was only true for his father, not for him.

He didn't care if it was never the same with Beth again—as long as it kept teaching him things. "If only she didn't like rough-house tumblin'," he spoke to himself; certain that if she would let him do it to her the way he always wanted to do it with Penny, he would want to do it with Beth until the cows came home, and plenty more after that. "Maybe she'll lemme teach her," he muttered, suddenly wanting to roll over and wake her to ask, "You're such a nice lady, Beth, I'll make you a deal. You show me high-class ways and I'll show you real East Side loving!" Matt laughed softly, thinking *Christ, I'm happy.*

It was late and he knew he should go home or his mother would begin to worry. But he wanted to speak to her before he left. Ask her if he could take a shower in her fancy toilet and if she would make him scrambled eggs because now he was hungry. So he could sense from the sounds of her voice if she was going to see him again or if he was just a one-shot tumble she didn't want hanging around. And if her voice was nice, he would ask her about how to buy a refrigerator so he didn't get gypped. Do women like gas or electric refrigerators because his mother, even if she was his mother, was also a woman. Matt pinched his lips, thinking that he would take Duffy along because his friend knew about motors. Then after ordering the refrigerator, they would go to a clothing store and he'd buy a good suit—a party suit—so when he went with Beth, she wouldn't wish he was hidden someplace where no one could see his baggy pants and dirty lumberjacket.

He kept pinching his lips, wondering how he could tell Penny he no longer had the hots for her; that even if they went to the roof again, he would want more than what he always wanted. He would want to talk—anything he wanted to say—as Beth had let him talk. Listen to talking with a strange sense of greed in him that he felt when Beth talked. "What'll we talk about?" he whispered aloud, as though Penny was in the room and could hear the question, "Who'll win the World Series or the kinda nail polish you want me to cop for you?" Matt shook his head. I got brains for more'n just planning good. I got brains for thinkin' too.

Thinking of Penny had spoiled the calm of his mood and made him a little restless. Carefully, he edged away from Beth and lowered himself to the carpeted floor, hoping she didn't suddenly wake up and think he was planning to rob her apartment. He leaned on his elbows, recalling the layout of the living-room furniture, then slowly crept to the largest area of space and began doing his simplest exercises, knowing that he thought clearest and quickest while his body was working.

He did some push-ups and soon felt the mixture of sleepiness and restlessness leave him. He made no sounds as he exercised, enjoying the total dark and, except for his own and Beth's breathing, the absolute silence. Lowering himself to the soft carpet, then raising himself, thinking of how in the next term of school he would try to get good marks and be placed into the "average" classes, instead of staying in the "moron" classes—feeling his dried skin begin to sweat; remembering the banner-like slogans tacked onto the wall in last term's American History class, "In Unity There Is Strength"—again assuring himself that alone, he couldn't make the Butchers give him more money for his fights.

He stopped doing push-ups and rolled onto his back, letting himself relax a little before beginning some sit-ups. There's just gotta be a way, he thought. Somethin' besides takin' three times more money for winnin' in queer dough. He heard Beth sigh and turned to her, hoping she didn't wake right now. She remained asleep. Matt started doing sit-ups, wondering if he was being stupid by not taking the counterfeit money from the Butchers. He shrugged, remembering what his mother had told him only a few weeks ago when he gave her fifty dollars and said he had won it playing dice. "I don't want you to be so honest that you miss advantages, sweetie. Just be honest so you aren't crooked. From gambling you might do worse things, so promise me you won't gamble." He wouldn't make the promise and she was unhappy.

Matt nodded even as he forced his body up and touched his forehead to his knees, knowing his mother's advice was smart. He lowered himself, to pull himself up again, feeling better because he was exercising; certain that he would find a plan for getting more money from the Butchers without having to do anything crooked or having to use the other fighters to help him. He stiffened when he heard Beth sigh again, then whisper, "Matthew?" He grinned though he knew she couldn't see his face in the dark.

"I'm over here, doing exercises."

"Aren't you tired?"

"No. Just hungry."

"I promised you scrambled eggs, didn't I?"

"I can sure go for'm. Only you don't hafta if you're pooped out."

"I'm too happy to feel pooped out. How many eggs would you like?"

"Six. With lotsa butter."

She laughed and he liked the sounds of her laughter. He sat up, still grinning as he waited for her to snap on the lights so he could see her.





*"Remind me to give you your alimony before I leave."*

## NO PURPLE HEART

*(continued from page 20)*

Endicott had a feeling for the pidgin, and after some more palaver he decoded the message. "I don't know why but the old boy says if we come to the village and have a big feast and let them make some magic over Priestly everything will be okay. I think maybe they'll get that girl's soul back some way."

"It sounds pretty risky."

"It's a hell of a lot more risky not to. The bushes are full of those bully boys with those damn spears. This is our only chance of getting away without a fight."

I'd been in charge of fortifying our camp and was pretty sure of myself. "So what? We could clobber them before they could get within fifty feet of us. The tin can will be here in a couple more days."

"Swell. The tin can could roll up and bombard, just like the 1890's. The boys in Pearl would blow their God damn corks if we had a fight with a native population."

I still didn't understand why he was so determined to avoid a fight, so he spelled it out for me.

"Why do you think a guy goes regular, Graham? Why does he put up with all the hazing and sweat at the Academy and crap a junior officer takes? I'll tell you why he does it. Because he wants to be an admiral! Nothing else makes a damn. Nothing in between. Just sweating out all the stripes until you get on top. It's pretty stiff competition. I may come up with three stripes before the war's over. After that I'm a four striper and then the next jump is a blue flag with two stars on it. And all I'd have to do to blow that little dream all to hell is to start a fight with some natives and give the Japs a bunch of propaganda."

So we went to the village. Everybody including Priestly. And the natives were ready for us. With roast pigs and fresh fruit and poi and coconuts all spread out on leaves in the middle of the village.

They sat Priestly and Tulia at one end of the leaves and Endicott and the chief and I at the other. The native men and our people sat on one side facing the women.

We ate all afternoon while the natives laughed and sang and finally began passing around the kava, an island booze that tasted like hell and didn't seem to have any kick at all.

But it had a kick. It made your legs rubbery. We found out when the girls began to dance. It was a real Polynesian hula with every movement of hips, hands and breasts spelling out one thing—a very literal interpretation of the sex act. Spinilli, the radioman, tried to stand up and grab one of the girls, and his legs collapsed.

I remember I laughed at him and started to stand up, but my legs broke in two and I fell on my can. Endicott was passed out where he sat. Just before I went to sleep I remember the girls stopped dancing. They dropped their skirts where they stood and swarmed around Priestly and Tulia. I fought to stay awake and watch as they carried the pair into the jungle.

When I woke up the village was deserted except for the detail. Every man, except Priestly, was sprawled where he sat. I shook Endicott conscious and told him what I'd seen. We booted the men awake and sent them back to the beach.

Endicott grabbed me and we headed for the jungle path where I'd seen the girls go with Priestly. We'd both worn .38's under our shirts and yanked them out as we pelted into the gloom.

The path wound through the thick growth up into the mountain. After maybe twenty minutes we could hear the sound of falling water, then high female laughter, and then the deeper laughter of Priestly.

We worked through the jungle toward the sound. Suddenly we were looking into a clearing beside a pool formed under a waterfall.

The girls, perhaps twenty of them, were there with Priestly. On a high round rock sat Tulia, naked again as she had been that first day, smiling calmly down on what she saw. It was like an etching from an unexpurgated version of the Moslem Paradise.

Priestly was just disengaging from the fat little girl  
(turn over)



I'd caught with Spinilli. She stood up and jiggled her way to the pool where three other girls were already swimming. Priestly rolled over on the grass but looked up, startled, as two more women sat down behind him. Their fingers brushed over him like feathers while they cooed softly at him and rubbed their noses on his nose, his cheeks and neck and chest.

"He'll never be able to make it," Endicott whispered.

We didn't have time to find out. I felt a sharp sensation at my spine and turned to see a dozen native men ringing us with those terrible shark-tooth spears.

The chief stepped close to us. "You fella go longside beach. Him fella come longside you bye'n bye. Boat come bye'n bye, him fella come."

We couldn't argue with those spears so we left and waited two days while the sound of drums and native chants came out of the jungle.

The destroyer hove to off the reef on the morning of the third day. We loaded our gear and one of the seamen was preparing to act as coxswain when Priestly came out of the jungle. He wore his dungarees and shoes and had the look of a dead man. He got the boat alongside the destroyer and hoisted aboard. I didn't see him again until we tied up in Pearl Harbor.

They were waiting for us on the dock with a bus. We had to go to the yard hospital for a check to see if any odd tropical bugs had gotten to us. The guys piled into the bus, yelling at the women yard workers and the occasional nurse they saw on the way. After what they had been through I figured Hotel Street would catch hell as soon as they got liberty. I envied them the chance to relieve the strain without the preliminaries a guy has to go through with what he might find at the Officers' Club.

Only Priestly didn't join in the noise. He sat in the back of the bus with his head on the seat back and his eyes closed like he was very very tired.

We lined up by rank at the hospital, Endicott, myself, the radio electrician, the chief radioman and Priestly. We went through fast with a corpsman drawing blood and doctor listening to our lungs and a nurse directing the line.

She was a pretty nurse, young and dark with a bosom that asserted itself despite the stiff starched uniform. She was cool and businesslike until she saw Priestly. Then there was something in her eyes, in the way she walked and spoke. Not a pass but the sudden animal, unconscious response to whatever mixture of chemicals the guy had. I began to think about the houseful of women and wonder if perhaps their response hadn't been the same. The girl stepped toward him as he came into the blood testing room. She took his arm lightly, to direct him, and stood unconsciously close enough that the bosom of her uniform touched his elbow. "That seat," she said.

Priestly screamed. Like a man torn on a rack he screamed a long wailing terrible sound that strangled off as he ran out of breath. With a sweep of his arm he hurled the girl across the room and spun into the hall. Right into the path of a senior nurse, a tall, raw-boned, stern-faced woman with lieutenant's stripes across her cap. He screamed again, smashing her against the wall and making a dash for the main doorway. He quieted down when two Marine guards grabbed him, but he kept whispering. "Please don't let them touch me."

He went from Pearl to Sawtelle, and he's been there ever since.

Just a crazy incident—part of a war—I guess it was, but I couldn't forget it. I remembered the Encyclopedia article. Professor J. Allen Quirter, University of Hawaii.

I told him the story. He was a wispy little fellow, nut-brown like most islanders, with white hair and a cropped white mustache that quivered when he said, "Yes, yes. Go on."

When I was through he put away his note book. "Remarkable, really remarkable. It's a shame the Encyclopedia didn't allow me more space. I could have explained more fully. You see the people of Moa Lua have a very unique theology. They believe in a group soul. They also believe that in . . . ah . . . ah . . . having intercourse"—he seized the word like a drowning man grabs a life ring—"the participants are sharing souls."

"Then if one of the participants went away he would be taking part of the group soul?"

"Precisely. Have you studied anthropology? Too bad. Good insight."

"They fear the departure not only because the soul is removed but because if the departed one had further intercourse the soul would dissipate beyond recovery. The tribe, they feel, would die a little. The fact is they generally try to prevent intercourse rather than detain the party involved."

"Prevent intercourse by . . ."

"Precisely. Castration of the outsider who wants to leave. But of course foreigners have resisted rather strenuously, and the result has been pitched battle with loss of life."

He seemed to forget me. "Amazing how they managed to rationalize this belief when faced with that machine gun. I must mention that in my next paper."

"But professor, I don't see what they hoped to do with those women . . ."

He looked disappointed. "You don't? Well, that's surprising. Let me put it this way. If you were a child what single thing would make you never want to see candy again?"

"Being forced to eat candy day and night for three days."

"Excellent. That's it. They apparently felt they could prevent him having—ah—intercourse after he left by giving this unfortunate boy a surfeit of—ah—ah—sex! Yes—a surfeit of sex."

"Perhaps psychiatry can help him get well," I said.

"Well, that's out of my field, of course. But I'd say it will be very difficult. This war is going to see a good many young men wounded, Mr. Graham. Terribly wounded in body and mind and soul. But I rather doubt if the Japanese will ever inflict a more lasting wound than the people of Moa Lua. Don't you fellows get some kind of medal for being wounded? I'm sorry, old man, you must excuse me." He hurried away, lost in the examination of a teakwood war club from New Guinea.

But Priestly didn't get a medal. He got a room at Sawtelle, and twice a year I take him cigarettes and magazines. But first the big, ex-football player ward nurse clips out all the pictures of women. He missed one last year and Priestly tried to hang himself.





## GOODBYE CHARLIE

(continued from page 10)

right, they moved over but the truck moved over too far and the driver gave a quick jerk to the wheel and when I went flying by with plenty to spare on both sides I caught sight of the truck turning over when it went down the embankment, going through a rickety fence onto a spread of unpicked cotton.

I got the car stopped a couple of hundred feet further and turned and came back. The Plymouth had stopped too and there were some other cars coming from both ways and they were stopping too. That field looked like rice pudding with all that dirty cotton from the truck piled up and the cotton already there. The man was trying to climb out of the cab of the truck and I thought the son of a bitch isn't hardly hurt at all, a few cuts is all. I went up to him and gave him a hand and I said You're lucky you ain't dead. He looked at me and he had a squint from his chin to his hairline and I thought polaroid would add ten years to their lives. I thought selling dark glasses to the lintheads you could make a fortune if they had sense enough to buy. Then he said Where's my boy? real quiet like they'd had an appointment to meet there and the kid was late. I said What boy? and looked around.

I saw him then. Not all of him, just his arm sticking straight out of the cotton like a red flag stuck in the ground. I thought that boy is dead. I thought I have killed that kid with my Lincoln automobile. I thought if I'd taken a knife and cut that arm it wouldn't be any more my fault. A boy, a real young kid. I thought if you have got to die lying in the good soft cotton is a good soft place to do it in. Then it was like something rolled up between my skin and my bones and rolled down again. My stomach gave a pound and something sour fizzed in my mouth and my head felt like something damp and heavy was thrown over it. And I said God.

You could see the shape of the body underneath the cotton and you could see the cotton on top turning pink and then red and you could see a fluttering over where his mouth was. I said He's still alive and the old man and I ran to him and got hold by the shoulders and the legs and pulled him free from the cotton. He was a scrawny necked kid about fourteen with hair the color of tree bark and he wasn't making a sound and it wasn't going to be long before he was dead. I knew that.

They had gone to the house to call the doctor, the Plymouth said. It'll be ten minutes, I said, it's a good ten miles back to town. I said What can we do? Then I said I've got a blanket in the trunk you're supposed to keep them warm. The Plymouth said If there was some place wasn't bleeding we could try to stanch the blood. Use my necktie, I said. He took it and leaned over the boy and he said They ought not let folks drive that fast, they ought to put them in jail. I said That truck wasn't doing twenty and he said I wasn't talking about that truck.

I ran back to the car and got the blanket. Army surplus, real ugly and real warm. I thought naturally he would try to make it my fault. Naturally he would try to say I did it. He takes a look at my car and he thinks this is easy. I was willing, I thought, I was willing it

would be some my fault. Didn't I say to myself it was my fault too? Wasn't I willing to take my share, divide the blame three ways? I thought I am still willing to do even more than my share to fix it up right. Hospital, doctors, a new truck, even make good the cotton loss. I am willing but no son of a bitch in a dirt colored Plymouth pushing out on the highway without looking is going to say I did it all.

I put the blanket on the boy and tucked it around him. He was shivering soft like he didn't have enough strength to shiver hard and the blanket didn't help. My tie was tied around his arm and was soaked with blood from his shoulder and it didn't help either. The old man was holding and rocking him and I thought I bet he has a busted shoulder and that's not going to help either. I thought nothing will do him any good, nothing except if his daddy had had enough sense not to turn over like he did.

The crowd was gathering fast and even before the highway police got there which wasn't more than six or seven minutes there must have been fifty people hanging around in a circle and watching and whispering. I saw them point at the truck and point at the Plymouth and point at the Lincoln and I thought this is the way you get witnesses, another two minutes and there'd have been better than a paid gallery in the bleachers watching the whole thing from start to finish. And you know who it will be, it will be the Lincoln killed the boy. It will be me killed the boy and I never even touched that truck.

I saw two highway patrolmen coming through the crowd looking hot and mad. They went up to the boy and took a look and they knew it wasn't going to be long and the little thin one looked like he was going to get sick and the little fat one said Don't touch him, don't anybody touch nothing. Now what happened around here, he said. Officer, I said, I was involved in this accident. Everybody looked at me and the patrolman said All right buddy what happened? The Plymouth said He sure was in it and I thought damn him we'll see. I said I saw the whole thing, I was coming along when that Plymouth there pulled out and the truck turned over. I pointed at the Plymouth and the man driving it and he moved back into the crowd a little and then he came over and stood there jerking his shoulders.

(turn over)







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So I told my name and where I was from and all and I told the patrolman what happened, how the truck was coming along slow and the Plymouth came out of the side road and I was coming along too and the truck jerked too sharp over and it happened it was a tragedy. The Plymouth said Mister that man was doing ninety if that truck hadn't pulled over we'd all be dying. I said Yes he was coming out of that side road without even looking, like he was blind or something. The Plymouth said Mister mister, and the patrolman said Damn it y'all wait, I want to hear this here story so y'all talk one at a time damn it. Now. I said Go ahead then and tell him. The Plymouth said Well well it was well well. That was all he said, he just kept jerking his arms up and down and around and I thought he can't even talk.

Officer, I said, I'll tell you how it was again, that poor devil just got scared as hell is all and pulled off the road too sharp. I told him it all again and I said I'm supposed to have supper with the governor tonight down in Montgomery but if I can help I want to stay right here as long as it takes, the governor will have to wait. I'll just call and tell him he'll have to wait. The patrolman looked at me good and at the crowd and he wrote some things in a little book and got the names again and drew a little chart of how it happened. He looked at me again and he said I reckon you told me all you know, I reckon there ain't any reason for you to stick around. Not if I'm needed, I said. The Plymouth finally said Mister that man was doing ninety. The patrolman said If you ain't an officer of the law you let me do the finding out, you ain't even told me yet what you were doing coming out of that side road.

Officer, I said, would you come over here a minute. We moved to the edge of the crowd and I said I reckon you'll be staying around here seeing to things. I said I just want to tell you if there's anything I can do, anything at all, I want to do it. I mean it. I said No court of law would say I had a thing to do with it but I was here and I'm not one to run out in a thing like this when a fellow human being. I said I bet that poor devil don't own anything but a mortgage on this year's cotton crop, I bet he couldn't put the boy in the ground if it's needed and you know that Plymouth don't have a dime. There ain't nothing there. I said I just feel like I ought to do what I can and the fact is I can and this is a better way to spend it than a lot I can think of. So I got out one of my cards and wrote on it ANYTHING. I said You be sure he gets the best, will you? The patrolman looked at the card and he said That's mighty nice, that's real nice of you, my name is Wilkins. I said Pleased to meet you, and we shook hands.

There wasn't a thing more I could do and I figured it would help just clearing up the highway. So I went back to my Lincoln and started the motor and somebody from the crowd called out You want your blanket, mister, he don't need it no more.

I looked back and the old man was standing up and it looked almost like he was smiling and then he started to cry, standing up straight and I thought he has got six more at home, it ain't like this was the only one. I thought I will go to see him Monday and I will do all I can for him. I bet that son of a bitch Plymouth don't

(turn to page 68)



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even send flowers. Well, I thought, the boy is dead. He don't have to spend the next fifty years thinking about it.

I pulled out then and got her up to sixty and held her there but there was a lot more, you could feel there was an awful lot. When you hold that Lincoln at sixty it is like you have one foot on the brakes.

She was waiting just like I knew, in a nice green dress and her hair curled pretty around her face. I said I'm late, and she said I guess there wasn't a telephone, you could have helped if you'd called me. No. I said, there wasn't a telephone, there was a wreck. Where's your necktie? she said. I felt up and it was gone and I remembered and said The boy has it. Oh, she said, remember that man's been bothering me? Well it came to a real boil tonight. I said His arm was sticking up like a flag, like Iwo Jima or something. He came over here tonight and tried to break in and I called the police, she said. I said His damn fool daddy cut off the road, he must have turned over twice. I called his wife too, she said, and she came over too and it was something. Listen, listen, I said, I'm trying to tell you what happened. Listen. So was I, she said, but you go on and tell yours first. Well, I said but there didn't seem a whole lot to tell, well you know how they do, I said, take one look at the Lincoln and decide it's all my fault and I never even touched that truck, I wasn't anywhere near it. Go on, she said. That's all, I said, I lost my blanket. And my tie. Well, she said, you know I'm not afraid of the devil himself but I was scared tonight because that man is crazy I mean really crazy. What did the police do? I said. What do they ever do, she said, took him out on the sidewalk and told him to behave himself. You want a drink? she said.

I went over to the phone and got long distance and gave the number at my house. My wife answered and I said Is the boy there? Yes, she said, where are you I thought you were going to Montgomery. I stopped in Birmingham to see a friend, I said and she came over laughing soft and lipped my ear the way she does. I am at a friend's, I said, call him to the phone. When he came I said Are you home? He said No I'm at the drugstore drinking a coke. Smart as you are, I said, one of these fine days you'll be president of the bank like old Clements. Is that all you wanted? he said. God damn it, I said but then I said Listen, there is a car coming in on a trade next week that is a beaut. I said You do like I say and you can take it down to Auburn with you in September. If I go, he said but I wasn't going to listen to that. I said You won't be able to keep the girls off you even if you wanted to with a car like that, nice girls too that you can be proud of. I said She isn't worth it, you trust your daddy on that, a country girl like that would be like a chain around your neck, your daddy knows about these things. He said Now is that all? I said I'm calling you long distance and I'm talking to you. He said You have fun, you just be sure you have fun. Then he hung up.

That kid, I said. He'll grow up, she said, they always do. I ain't in too big a hurry for that, I said, every year for him is one for me too. Then it will all be over before you even knew it had got started. I said Come here and she said Let's go out to supper first. And I said No god damn it you come here. And she did and I left the lights on and she said God Charlie God Charlie and I said oh yes oh yes oh yes.



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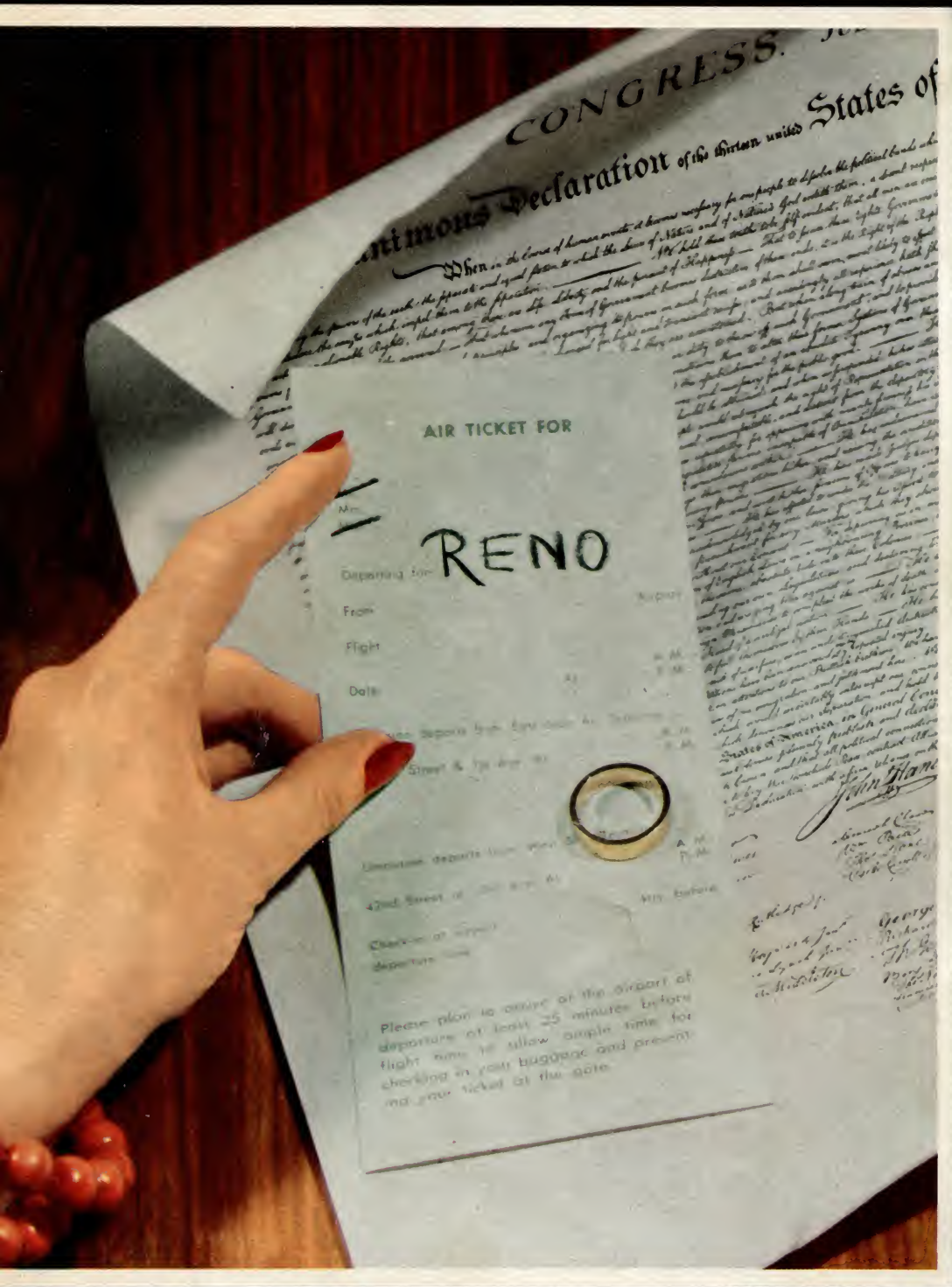
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